THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

A GREAT victory was won by the Liberal party at Southport on Tuesday, when Sir George Pilkington, the Liberal candidate, was returned by a majority of 583 votes over Mr. C. B. Balfour, the Tory candidate. This compares well with the majority of 272 secured last year by Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland over his Conservative opponent, and with the Tory majority of 764 secured by Mr. Curzon at the last General Election. It was generally believed that Sir George Pilkington could not possibly increase Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland's majority, and at the outset of the contest the Conservatives believed that they would regain the seat. The result proves that the fortunes of the Government have been seriously affected during the last twelve months, and that their loss of popularity is proceeding at an accelerated speed. The Church question played a considerable part in the Southport contest; but though it may have led to an increased majority for Sir George Pilkington, it cannot be said to have been responsible for his return.

THE fact that the House of Commons should have chosen the Derby Day as the date of its reassembling after the Whitsuntide Recess to forward a Bill for the improvement of elementary education is a most gratifying proof that the conscience of the country is at last beginning to awake. Mr. Robson's Education of Children Bill, for raising the age at which children may leave school—even to become half-timers—from eleven to twelve, made excellent progress in Committee, and its opponents, both by their numbers and their arguments, made a very poor show indeed. Amendments were moved by various Lancashire members to delay the operation of the Bill, or to raise the age by six months only, or to introduce local option, but the first two were supported by trifling minorities and the third was withdrawn. An amendment intended as a concession to the agricultural interest was moved by Mr. Robson, based on the experience of Germany and Switzerland, and permitting the summer half of the child's last year at school to be replaced by the winter following. It is hoped that this may give the children a better start in agriculture, and so tend to check rural depopulation. Finally, an amendment allowing parents to obtain exemption for children above eleven by reason of their poverty was defeated by 229 to 63. The Bill cannot pass, however, unless the Government give special facilities for it, but the tone of the debate, irrespective of party ties, gives hope that they will do so. But what will the Peers do? Will they again exhibit that detachment from knowledge of contemporary social problems which Lord Salisbury helped them to exhibit in the case of the Scotch shop assistants a few weeks ago?

ON Thursday the programme of the evening was varied by a motion for adjournment made by Mr. Dillon in order to call attention to the recent disturbance, and provocation to disturbance, caused by certain "Protestant" meetings held on Sundays in Belfast, and to the inadequate precautions taken against riot next Sunday in the event of a collision between a Nationalist and an anti-Nationalist procession—a collision which those responsible for the latter had announced their intention of provoking. Mr. Gerald Balfour, while deprecating the demand for detailed information as to police precautions, was able to say that the Anti-Nationalist demonstration had been abandoned; and the motion was defeated by 125 votes to 73. In Committee of Supply the grievances of the Postal and Customs services were ventilated; but a motion intended as a recognition of the seriousness of the former class was rejected by 158 votes to 107.

EARL SPENCER addressed a Liberal meeting at Trowbridge on Saturday. After speaking of the losses which the Liberal party has sustained through death and resignation, he proceeded to criticise with vigour the policy of the Ministry, especially with regard to old-age pensions, the Budget, and the attempt to reverse Free Trade by imposing countervailing duties on sugar in India. He insisted upon the necessity of securing public control over the Voluntary schools, which were now largely supported from public funds. He expressed his general approval of the policy of the Government with regard to the Soudan, but reminded his hearers that this policy imposed serious responsibilities upon the country, and that we had undertaken it for the sake of Egypt. Discussing the question of Imperialism, he claimed for the Liberal party that it had drawn the Colonies closer to Great Britain by giving them self-government, and had tried to do the same for Ireland.

ON Tuesday evening Sir William Harcourt addressed a meeting of his constituents at Nantyglo. He made the recent speech of Lord Salisbury, discussing the position of the Liberal party, his text, and declared that Liberals had more satisfaction in contemplating their past than the Tory party could

have. Liberal Unionists, he declared, were now more Tory than the Tories themselves. With regard to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, the Liberals were not ashamed of it, and did not mean to abandon it. He discussed the question of Imperialism at some length, denouncing what he described as Jingo Imperialism, and ridiculing the nickname of Little Englander as one that was not applicable to himself or to any other Englishman. The political question which would soon have to be faced was that of the re-adjustment of taxation. The Government could not live for ever by robbing the Debt Redemption Fund. In conclusion, he expressed his absolute faith in the early restoration of the fortunes of the Liberal party, provided it stuck to its old principles and watchwords.

THE insubordination recently manifested in the Royal Guernsey Militia is serious in its consequences, though trifling in itself. The regiment chiefly concerned belongs to a district peopled by immigrants and their children, who are quarrymen by trade, and find that compulsory service curtails their scanty holidays. Their adjutant, the only trained soldier among them, is apparently unpopular, and it is not wonderful; and they are merely carrying out the spirit of a populace which, in spite of its undemocratic government, is one of the most democratic on earth. But their conduct makes the problem of the defence of the Channel Islands more pressing than ever—and that is saying much. Some of the militia can shoot, but as a body they can hardly be up to the level of English volunteers, and the genuinely native regiments come from a population whose many engaging qualities do not commonly include soldierly smartness. The islands were warned last year that they would have to make their local forces more efficient as a condition of being aided to defend themselves in war time by British garrisons—a warning which, it may be remembered, set up a scare as to their possible abandonment to France, which threw a curious light on the popular belief in the sincerity of Tory Imperialism.

IT is to be hoped they will profit by the warning, in the interest of their suzerain as well as in their own; for to say, as *The Times* does, that their "temporary occupation" would be unattractive to a foreign country and unimportant to ourselves seems to us merely ridiculous. Were we at war with France, she would have more troops than she could use except for an invasion of England, and all our Navy might be too fully occupied to spare ships for patrolling the Norman Archipelago. It is notorious that French warships have been going all round the island coasts for years, into places where nothing else goes but fishing boats; and we can hardly suppose that France would not try to use her knowledge and her superfluous forces. The moral effect of an occupation of any part of British territory by French troops would be immense; and as to its being temporary, who knows but that, when the war was over, a Ministry devoted to a business-like Imperialism might not treat the only remaining Norman possessions of the British Crown after the fashion of Heligoland, and barter them away for advantages in the hinterland of Tripoli?

ABROAD.

THE Conference between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner was formally opened at Bloemfontein on Thursday afternoon. Beyond the facts that Sir Alfred Milner spoke Dutch (was it Hollandsch, or Taal?), which was natural in a distinguished scholar and philologist, and made a favourable impression, which might have been predicted beforehand, the proceedings remain a secret; and in view of the tension of public feeling in South Africa, it is as well that this should be so. Our best hopes for a pacific settlement rest on the possibility that President Kruger may show that he is more enlightened than his constituents. But the tone of the reply to the British protest against the dynamite monopoly is assuredly not encouraging.

THE revision of the Dreyfus case is virtually accorded, and the honour of France is cleared of a stain. M. Ballot-Beaupré's report to the Court of Cassation, which is dealt with fully on a later page, not merely concludes, as was expected, in favour of a new trial on the ground that a new fact (the authorship of the *bordereau* by Esterhazy) has been brought out by the proceedings and has afforded the ground for revision required by the Criminal Code, but also disposes of all the evidence brought before the court-martial of 1894; and the Procureur-Général accepts its conclusions. It is true that the retrial will take place before a court-martial, but the probability is that Dreyfus will either be acquitted by it, or that the Government will declare that there is no case against him. Fortunately public interest in the subject is almost exhausted, and what is left of it is distributed over the trial of M. Déroulède and the six other cases pending as we write which have arisen out of *L'Affaire*. The tone of the militarists is one of sullen despair; M. Drumont declares that the army has been reduced to nothingness by a syndicate of Jews who control the European Press, and cheers himself by predicting a general massacre of Jews by-and-by; M. Rochefort denounces the court, M. Ballot-Beaupré, and the Ministry, but even his vocabulary of abuse is coming to an end.

THIS is one side of the situation: the other and gloomier side is presented by the farcical acquittal of MM. Déroulède and Marcel Habert on a charge of treason, and by the enthusiasm, partly genuine and legitimate, but largely exaggerated for purposes of disorder, with which Major Marchand and his companions were greeted in Paris on Thursday last. But M. Déroulède is a person of so little importance that his punishment would have done more harm than good; and Major Marchand, though capable and (it is said) unscrupulous as an explorer, is, so far, behaving with perfect discretion: and even were he to forget himself, he is hardly likely to have the stuff in him for a Monk, or even a Boulanger. General Boulanger was made dangerous chiefly by the ability of his managers; but where is the ability of the Reactionaries now? Moreover, where are their financiers?

THE Peace Conference has confounded the scoffers and convinced the doubters by eliciting from the members of its third section a complete set of materials for an elaborate system of mediation, conciliation, and regular arbitration which will cover all but the gravest cases of dispute between nations, and may be extended to cover even these. The schemes propounded differ in scope and detail, but they can probably be harmonised into one homogeneous whole. We discuss some of the details on a later page. Russia has returned to her ancient fellowship with America, and the co-operation of the two with England has dismayed the militarists of the Continent, and begins to realise the hopes which Liberals have entertained for a quarter of a century at least. The second section has likewise worked for civilisation, by recommending the prohibition of the Dum-Dum bullet, for which we are not sorry.

IF we could look only at the Conference, we might hope for the decline of Russophobia; but what is happening at Peking shows the error of attributing unity of purpose to an abstract "Russia." There the unfortunate corollary of the Anglo-Russian Railway Convention is being used to make trouble

again. Russian subjects, supported, of course, by their Minister at Peking, are negotiating for the extension of a line already partly constructed, running south-west from that city for about 160 miles to Ching-ting, right through the province of Shensi to Si-ngan-fu, which is only 200 miles from the Yangtse river, and on the borders of our reserved "sphere of influence." Moreover, the Russians warn the Chinese Government to give no concessions for any lines connecting with the southern section of the line in question — presumably that its traffic may not be tapped and taken abroad by the more natural route *viâ* the Yangtse river and the sea. The Russian policy, in fact, is to construct feeders for the Siberian line, and to force traffic on that line by artificial means. It remains to be seen if this is feasible. We must not be too ready to assume, as *The Times* is, that such railways are necessarily "strategic," or intended to threaten the Chinese Government. The concessions rather than the actual railways are the Russian weapons; and in the event of war, or preparation for war, we do not see that the ownership of a line need matter much. "Strategic" in a sense these lines are, but it is the strategy of State-aided commerce, and natural causes may be too much for it. The chairman of an important Eastern bank asked his shareholders recently: If foreigners are content to make railways, and invest capital in them on second-class security, why should we object, seeing that the railways cannot but develop trade? Something is to be said for this view; but the harm is not in the railways, but in the friction set up by the manœuvres of the Russian agents; and the Convention, which was to be the beginning of peace, sets up more troubles than it has settled.

THE Bill for the further prevention of picketing in labour disputes, and of incitement to strike, which was announced by the German Emperor in a speech made at Oeynhausen, Westphalia, in September last, has just been introduced into the Reichstag. It is stringent, but less so than his words seemed to intimate; penal servitude is imposed as a penalty for either offence (the term being three years, or, in the case of ringleaders, five), but only when the strike endangers the security of the empire or one of its States, or imperils property or life. Labour is too well organised and too intelligent in Germany for the latter danger to be realised; the former provision is presumably meant to guard against railway or postal strikes, or that "general strike" the threat of which has proved an effective political weapon in Belgium. In view of the coming debates, it may be of significance that 19 per cent. of the votes cast at the last General Election in the empire were Social-Democratic.

THE Lower House of the Prussian Diet has hitherto been elected on a system which has come to be the most plutocratic in Europe. The basis is direct taxation, the election is indirect. The voters—who vote only for electors of the actual member, and not directly for their representative in the Chamber—are grouped together in small polling districts, limited to 500 each. Then the revenue afforded by the direct taxation of each such district is divided into three equal parts. The taxpayers who pay most are grouped together successively till one-third of the total contribution is reached. These form the first class. Then the next largest contributors are taken, till another third of the contribution is accounted for. These form Class II. All the remainder form Class III., and each class votes for an elector whose duty is limited to voting for a candidate. With the growth of large fortunes this system has become more than ordinarily grotesque. In 1871 the total number of electors in the first class in Berlin was 3,555, in 1896–7 it had fallen to 961; the second class in the same time fell from 18,030 to 8,408. One wealthy elector, indeed, was in the first class in one district all by himself. The Reform Bill of the Government proposes to mend matters by raising everyone whose contribution exceeds the average of his class to the higher classes, but this may have curious results. For example, if the bulk of the mercantile and professional classes are Protestant, of the smaller tradesmen Catholic, and of the classes just below them Socialist, it is clear that any measure which lifts the smaller professional men from Class II. into Class I., leaves Class II. more in the hands of the Catholics; and similarly, a lift from Class III. into Class II. may only put Catholic votes where they are not wanted, and leave a residue of unadulterated Socialism. And, according to some National Liberal organs, this result is to be expected, especially in the Rhenish towns.

ANOTHER Franchise Bill, now under consideration by a committee of the Chamber in Belgium, seems quite capable of plunging that country into revolution. It admits proportional representation, which is the panacea of philosophic Conservatives on the Continent, by whatever party name they may call themselves; but, like our own Representation of the People Act in 1867, it applies it only to certain large constituencies—and precisely to those which the advanced Liberals and Socialists have the best chance of carrying *en bloc*. It is, therefore, a mere device further to diminish their minority, and to ensure the permanence of the present Clerical rule. By its very danger it divides the Clericals, and the feeling it has roused among all sections of the Opposition is so acute that its passage, according to some observers, might endanger the Constitution, and even the Throne. A meeting of protest against it on Monday evening in Brussels led to a serious riot outside the Ministries; and unless the committee, which is to report at the end of this week, modifies it, we may expect further disturbance.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE primary function of the British and Foreign Bible Society need not be expatiated upon here. But the purely philological and literary aspects of its work are now, as always, of the utmost interest to the chronicler of contemporary literature and learning, and deserve to have a large space allotted to them in the history of the learning of the century, when the time has come for it to be written. To the many treasures of bibliography which now adorn the library of the Society—treasures including the important palimpsest of St. Luke's Gospel known as the Codex Zacynithius, and a collection of Bibles which surpasses that of the British Museum itself—it annually adds works of its own producing which possess an even greater interest from the point of view of science and civilisation. It has been the means of circulating the Scriptures, or parts of them, in no less than 364 languages—many of which, as everyone knows, have been reduced to writing for the first time by its agents; last year revision or translation proceeded under its auspices in no less than 130 languages or dialects—a number never before reached in any one year; and thirteen of the 130 had not been dealt with by it before. Eight or nine of these, we believe, had not previously been written. Two of them, it may be noted, are spoken in the New Hebrides, two in New Guinea; four are African; one belongs to an Indian hill tribe, one is a Chinese dialect, one is the speech of a tribe of Central Australian aborigines. The remaining two (Bicol and Ilocano) belong to the numerous Philippine dialects, the Society having taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the recent rebellion to employ exiles in making the translations, which were afterwards checked by retranslation into Spanish. A translation into Tagalo, a better-known Philippine dialect, was similarly undertaken. Books, however, already

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

existed in all three dialects, chiefly grammars and vocabularies written by Spanish missionaries; but the Scriptures were not included. Last year the Society issued altogether 4,470,000 copies, making a total of 160 millions. Of these a million and a half were circulated by colporteurs.

WHYTE MELVILLE'S works are not exactly classics, but they are excellently representative of a healthy type of English life and sport, and the handsome edition of them which Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are issuing in monthly volumes does all that the publisher can do to elevate them to classic rank. Among the forthcoming volumes we note "Kate Coventry" and "The Gladiators." The edition is attractive in form, and the illustrations are spirited and life-like.—Another contribution to the rising literature of Australia is announced by Mr. John Long. It is by Mr. W. S. Walker, nephew of "Rolf Boldrewood" (to whom the book is dedicated), and better known as the author of "When the Mopoke Calls." This book, like its predecessor, will deal with bush-life, and will be called "From the Land of the Wombat."—Mrs. Comyns Carr's new novel, "The Arm of the Lord," will appear next week. Messrs. Duckworth & Co. are the publishers.—Among Messrs. Greening & Co.'s announcements we may note: "The Year-Book of the Stage," which will contain an annual record of all the important English plays of each year; "Byeways of Crime," by Mr. R. J. Power Berry, which will contain some curious stories of the famous criminal museum at Scotland Yard; and "The Dolomite Cavern," a story by Mr. W. Patrick Kelly, wherein the Röntgen rays are to be applied to develop, if not to elucidate, the plot.

OBITUARY. SIR SAMUEL RUGGLES-BRISE, K.C.B., had been Conservative M.P. for East Essex from 1868 to 1883.—The Rev. R. Balgarnie, for thirty-six years a Congregationalist minister at Scarborough, and since his retirement a mission preacher, had done admirable service as a practical philanthropist. In politics he was an ardent Liberal.—Dr. Norman Kerr had been amongst the most prominent temperance advocates in the ranks of the medical profession, and had done good service both to science and to society by his study of the disease of inebriety.—The Rev. Luke Rivington, an Oxford man and once a prominent Cowley Father, had gone over to the Roman Church some years ago, and had since shown himself an active controversialist. He had been made a Doctor of Divinity by the Pope.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE Southport election must have been a great surprise to many excellent persons. At the moment when the Liberal party, according to its critics, is suffering the pangs of imminent dissolution, it has actually doubled its majority in a constituency which at the last General Election was regarded as a safe Tory seat. Even those who always pour contempt upon bye-elections must admit that this striking incident is a portent. It bears testimony to the fact that, whatever may be the state of the party leadership, the party itself is in a healthy condition. It is well that we should have this evidence furnished to us at a time when astute Tory writers are urging Ministers to anticipate, and if possible ward off, the evil day by dissolving without further waste of time. A good deal is to be said for the advice which "Carltonensis" gives to the Government in the current number of *The National Review*. Ministries too often allow the golden moment when an appeal to the country might give them a new lease of life to slip by them unheeded. This was notably the case in 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield came back with "Peace with Honour"—engraved, if we remember aright, on the handle of his walking-stick—from Berlin. Astute Liberals feared that he would dissolve then, and if he had done so he would almost certainly have secured a new lease of power. He waited for eighteen months longer in order to encounter his Sedan in 1880. A still more recent instance of the same fatal policy of delay might be quoted. But we have no desire to strengthen the arguments of "Carltonensis," and we forbear. All that we seek to impress upon our readers is the fact that, although an immediate or early dissolution is highly improbable, it is not absolutely impossible. The supporters of the Government see that Liberalism is strong and healthy in the constituencies, is still—as Lord Rosebery declared at the City Liberal Club—the creed of the majority of the people of the country. They cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the tide, as Southport proves, is flowing steadily in favour of the opponents of the present Ministry, and it is consequently quite possible that they may feel that the sooner battle is joined with the enemy the better will be their own chances of victory.

If they entertain this opinion, they are not unlikely to be strengthened in it by their notions of the state of division and disunion which prevails among the leaders of the Liberal party. If we open any of the leading organs of the Government any morning after a speech by a Liberal statesman, we have to face a column of jeers over the dissensions which are believed to prevent anything like united action among the leaders of our party. These dissensions, indeed, furnish the main argument used by Tories in favour of an early dissolution. We believe that our opponents greatly exaggerate the extent to which divisions exist in the upper ranks of Liberalism. But that there are divisions is a fact that must be admitted, and that ought to be faced courageously, and if possible without any useless loss of temper. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley are the two authorities to whom our opponents constantly appeal when they seek to establish their contention that our party is in a state of miserable dissension and confusion. Nor, we must candidly admit, are they without justification for their appeal to the authority of these eminent men. In their letters of resignation and in some speeches which they have delivered since resigning their official connection with our party, both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley have strengthened the hands of the enemy by roundly asserting that ineradicable differences of opinion do exist in the Liberal party, and that they are in consequence unable to fill their old positions in its ranks. We are glad to see that in the speeches which these gentlemen have made within the last ten days they have managed to convey their meaning in a more conciliatory manner than that which they saw fit to adopt in some of their former utterances. We are particularly glad to see that Sir William Harcourt, when speaking at Nantyglo on Tuesday, did not devote himself again to the task of assailing an old colleague, who, so far as we are aware, has never made any attack upon Sir William himself. But, though we have no right to quarrel with the form of the speeches of Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that these statesmen continue to allege the existence of some grave difference between themselves and a large body of their fellow-Liberals, and that they regard that difference as being so serious that it

effectually prevents the restoration of that party unity which is an essential preliminary to a party victory at a General Election.

It is clearly necessary, in these circumstances, that Liberals should ask themselves what the difference is, and how far it spreads from the leaders to the rank and file of the party. Apparently the subject which now troubles not only Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley, but Lord Rosebery, is the policy which Liberals ought to pursue on matters affecting the empire as a whole. The absurd and unfounded misunderstanding of Lord Rosebery's views upon domestic questions which afflicted Sir William Harcourt after the speech of the ex-Premier at the City Liberal Club has apparently been dispelled. There is, at any rate, no echo of that misunderstanding in the speech at Nantyglo. It may be assumed, we think, that even Lord Rosebery's most censorious critics no longer dream of accusing him of a desire to turn back the hands upon the clock, or to sacrifice a jot or a tittle of the fundamental principles of Liberalism. Certainly, if a man is to be judged by his deeds, and by his consistent professions, stoutly maintained under conditions of exceptional difficulty, there is no man in Great Britain whose genuine devotion to the Liberal cause stands in less need of vindication than does Lord Rosebery's. It may be well to remind some of those who profess to suspect him that if there were any ground for those suspicions, the organs of the Tory party would hardly deal with Lord Rosebery in that spirit of profound unfriendliness which distinguishes all their criticisms upon his domestic policy. It is not upon domestic affairs that there is any likelihood of differences between him and the leading members of his party. But on the great question of Imperialism there is undoubtedly a distinct difference between the policy of Lord Rosebery and that of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley. It is a difference which it is not easy to state in words. Lord Rosebery advocates a "sane Imperialism"; and both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley seek to impress us with the fact that they also are in favour of something of the same kind. They repudiate the charge of Little Englandism and rebuke those who use this nickname, even though in the same breath they hurl their wrath against all Jingoes. Apparently we must abandon generalities and vague phrases, whether nicknames or not, if we are to arrive at a clear understanding of the difference which exists between Lord Rosebery and his two distinguished colleagues. The best mode of arriving at such an understanding is to put certain precise questions. Lord Rosebery, for example, at the most critical moment of the Fashoda crisis, when it was still uncertain whether Lord Salisbury would stand firm in the demand he had addressed to the French Government, and when it was even more uncertain whether France would yield to the demand of England, made a speech which it is notorious rallied the whole country, irrespective of party, in support of the Government, and enabled it to carry through the negotiations with France successfully. Did Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley approve of that speech or did they not? A simple answer to that question will go far towards enabling us to ascertain the difference between Lord Rosebery's "sane Imperialism" and theirs. Again, although Lord Rosebery had criticised the action of Ministers in embarking upon the Soudan expedition at a critical moment in our foreign affairs, he did not, when events had proved that this expedition was not only successful but had been carried out just in time to prevent the permanent acquisition of the Upper Nile by France to the grave detriment of Egypt, refuse to recognise accomplished facts and the changed character of the situation. Lord Spencer, in his speech last Saturday, clearly endorsed Lord Rosebery's line of action in this matter. Will it be endorsed by Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley? We might extend our list of questions indefinitely; but having given two clear instances which show what Lord Rosebery's Imperialism means, and having invited Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley to deal with these definite questions, we do not think that we need go further. It is only necessary to add that neither of these statesmen has pointed out more forcibly than Lord Rosebery himself has done the dangers of unlimited expansion, and of a policy which aims at aggrandisement abroad without regard to its effects at home, or to the resources which we have at our command for the purpose of fulfilling our Imperial obligations. So far as eloquent speeches against a rabid Jingoism go, there is, in fact, not a pin to choose between Lord Rosebery and his critics. If we are to choose between them we must come down to concrete cases, to the bed-rock of actual facts, and this we have endeavoured to do in the two instances we have cited.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is of the most serious importance to Liberals that they should come to an early understanding with regard to this question of leadership. Even if the election is to be deferred for two years longer, the time is not too long in which to prepare the party for a struggle that must in any case be one of great severity and that will in all probability have momentous consequences. The longer we keep up the semblance of divisions in our party, and the longer we are content to allow the man who is incomparably the most influential and the most widely known of living Liberals to remain outside our ranks, the harder will be our task when the day of battle dawns. For our own part, we do not believe that the divisions upon which Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley lay so much stress really exist in the party as a whole. Events have shown that the overwhelming majority of Liberals agreed with Lord Rosebery's action in the instances to which we have referred. That Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley did not agree with it may or may not be true. But this fact scarcely justifies our opponents in assuming that the party as a whole is rent in twain by a chasm that cannot be bridged. Still less would it justify us in treating Lord Rosebery himself as a man whose honest devotion to the cause with which his whole political life has been hitherto identified is open to suspicion. What the Liberal party and its leading members have to decide is whether they will stand by the "sane Imperialism" of the ex-Premier, or will ally themselves with that particular party in Imperial politics of which the Member for Northampton is the oldest if not the most prominent representative in the House of Commons.

A JUDICATURE FOR THE WORLD.

THE Third Section of the Peace Conference has gone far to silence the scoffers and the pessimists. The friendly rivalry of Russia, Great Britain, and the United States in propounding schemes of investigation, mediation, and arbitration tends towards the construction of a composite plan which may be so widened as to cover—though not perhaps to compose—all possible cases of dispute between nations, and which is intended to cover all

those minor cases which are not likely, in themselves, to give rise to war, but which now severally demand the construction of a special apparatus for the solution of each. The concurrence of these three Powers is eminently significant and hopeful by itself; and whatever else such a plan will do it will introduce the judicial atmosphere in place of that of the mass meeting and the Boulevard. It is true that the plan is still in the making, and that the constituent parts which will probably be combined into it are themselves somewhat fragmentary and, in their details, conflicting. But the ultimate outcome will probably be somewhat as follows.

In the first place the right and duty of mediation between States about to go to war receives full recognition. Mediation may be offered by any of the signatory Powers to any disputants, or it may be invited by any Power engaged in a dispute. Or, according to one scheme, each disputant may select a friendly Power, and these Powers, like the seconds in a duel, may consider whether there is ground for the dispute. The mediation, whichever form it takes, may be unsuccessful—where the national honour or vital questions of national interest are involved it very probably will be so; but it will give time for events to develop, and for the situation to change. In the next place international arbitration is explicitly recognised, by a Russian proposal, for very large groups of minor cases of dispute, and its extension is contemplated, by voluntary arrangement between any two signatory Powers, to all disputes that may arise between them. To the assessment of pecuniary damages due from the Government of one State to the Government or citizens of another; to the interpretation of treaties regulating the international railway, postal, and telegraphic service; to the regulation of the "rule of the road at sea"; to questions of international copyright, arbitration is to be applied as a matter of course. It would have been so applied eventually in any case, but it is a great advantage to have a formal recognition of the fact beforehand—if only as a saving of time. And, furthermore, there is another Russian plan for the appointment of special Commissions of Inquiry, which will be, in fact, conciliatory; they will clear up the issues, and leave the case to the judgment of the disputants and the opinion of the civilised world. Finally, this composite scheme of recognised inquiry, conciliation, and arbitration, compulsory and optional, is completed by three proposals as to machinery, capable of being harmonised, though differing in detail, proposed by Russia, England, and the United States. There is an elaborate Russian scheme for the constitution and working of temporary arbitral tribunals. There are British and American proposals for a permanent tribunal, or, rather, for permanent apparatus for constructing a tribunal. In the British scheme this is to sit at a virtually neutral capital—Berne, Brussels, or The Hague. The secretary will keep the list of judges, the signatory Powers each nominating two. From this list the arbiters will be selected in each case. They will sit at their headquarters or elsewhere, as required, and will decide by a bare majority. The judges will be paid by contributions from the signatory Powers, and the litigants will divide the costs. The American proposal gives somewhat more of a permanent character to the court, and is more specific as to the mode of its appointment. Moreover, it provides that the court may give costs, wholly or partly, against an unsuccessful litigant; and it contains a guarded provision for rehearing.

It may be a question whether the proposals should not go further, and constitute a permanent court as well as a permanent machine for making one. An Areopagus of the world, with a neutralised territory and a halo of prestige, might have more authority than a varying group selected for the occasion from a list—a group whose members could be formally challenged or informally criticised as the least suitable selections for the particular case in question. Nevertheless we think the more modest plan is the better. It is possible to invest a court with more dignity than it can bear; and to lay stress on the juristic supremacy of men who will, after all, suffer from the special weaknesses both of national and of individual character will only call attention to those weaknesses and bring out painfully the contrast of the ideal with the actual. The dignity of the permanent Bureau will not be very great. The dignity of the court will be all the greater if members who are conspicuously obnoxious to one or other of the litigants in a particular case can be kept out. Tribunals within States—as a distinguished Cambridge teacher of international law has put it—began by being modest and so little authoritative that resort to them was optional to private vengeance. It is probably the destiny of inter-State tribunals to pass through the same stages of growth.

Of course, we must not expect too much from such a tribunal. It is unfair to deride it as a mere Circumlocution Office, an expensive means of wasting time and keeping up that state of uncertainty which may be nearly as bad, for the civilian population, as war itself. The great thing in these cases is to gain time—to let the situation develop, and to let public excitement abate. War preparations may be simultaneous, as an Italian amendment contemplates, with preparations for arbitration, and the honour or vital interests of either nation may come to exclude a peaceful solution after all. Between the Great Powers and on the great questions such a court will be far from conclusive. Between small Powers we may expect that it will be. The delay that resort to it will cause will probably be used by the Concert of Europe to devise means for keeping the peace by force. We may regret this—the world, for example, might possibly have been better now if Greece and the Balkan States had been allowed to attack Turkey all at once in 1897; but the time when such things were possible has gone by. Arbitration provides a means of doing, with some show of respect for public law, what would otherwise be done without any. For all minor questions the utility of the court need hardly be insisted on. Arbitration is recognised in general terms, and arbitration clauses are embodied in many treaties of commerce. But there is an immense difference between having the apparatus for its application always ready and having to devise and agree upon it in every case afresh.

There remains one danger which may, we think, be felt by ourselves and the United States in particular, and by the small struggling nations of Europe likewise. The jurists of the Continental Chancelleries are apt to be pedantic and technical; and we know in the cases both of Greece and of Crete how little they allowed purely legal considerations to be modified by considerations of equity or justice. We in England, still more our cousins in America, are impatient of legal rules when they seem to obstruct justice, and all the more so when they are the product, not of enactment, but of usage—or of the interpretation of it by jurists. We hoped for the Federation of the Civilised World, for the union of the Family of Nations, and we found that the Concert of Europe in its application to Crete too often did not realise our hopes, but only caricatured them. It may be that international arbitration will occasionally disappoint us likewise. With this possibility, however, we must put up for

the sake of facilitating the removal of the causes of friction among nations, and of substituting in international affairs, as in domestic, law for might and government by discussion for the mailed fist or the sword.

THE CONFERENCE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has announced that he is ready to discuss all questions with Sir Alfred Milner so long as they do not affect the Independence of the South African Republic. So far so good. The object of the High Commissioner must be to assure the President and his burghers that a reasonable settlement of the grievances of the industrial population of the Transvaal is the best means of securing the independence of the country. That this is so we at home can have no manner of doubt, but it is not easy to communicate our assurance to those who take a limited view of history. The universal experience of the English-speaking world is that every self-governing community of Englishmen is exceedingly jealous of the privilege of local self-government. There is no case on record of any body of voters of Teutonic origin voluntarily surrendering independence once won, and submitting to any greater control from Downing Street. The only arguable instances of self-destruction are the Scotch and Irish Unions, and neither of these is really a case in point. On the contrary, the primary difficulty which has hitherto prevented Imperial Federation is the objection of the Colonies to surrendering any jot or title of their virtual independence even to secure the common defence. If the people of Johannesburg had votes they would be as much attached as are the present burghers themselves to the liberties of their country. The very incidents of the raid proved this to be so. The question on which the Reform Committee split, which prevented co-operation with Dr. Jameson and disgusted Mr. Rhodes, was the question of the flag. The Outlanders did not want to hoist the Union Jack, preferring an independent republic. Mr. Rhodes did not see the advantage of substituting President Robinson for President Kruger.

Unfortunately, the Boers, or most of them, cannot see this. They think an English-speaking majority would mean the end of the Republic, and that the liberty for which their fathers went out into the wilderness would be sacrificed by the grant of the franchise. One doubts whether Sir Alfred Milner, pleasant and plausible as he is, will be able to remove this racial and hereditary distrust. There is a good deal of truth in the notion which finds expression in Mr. Punch's cartoon. Sir Alfred Milner is clever and cultivated; President Kruger, if not an enraged bull, is frankly bucolic. He is not easily calmed by a smile, or enticed by a phrase. And, at the bottom of his mind, there is an idea of independence, which means not self-government for the Republic so much as government of the Republic by the Dutch. The rinderpest has decimated the burghers' herds; their pastoral slowness has prevented them from obtaining any considerable share of wealth by direct participation in the gold industry. They are not miners nor capitalists. As individuals they have not even retained royalties. Their only way of squeezing a livelihood out of the country without working is through the control of the machinery of government. How is Sir Alfred Milner to assure President Kruger that the franchise is consistent with the continuance of these indirect profits, which are not after all very different in their moral basis from the exactions which landlords in other countries draw from mining leases? The Outlanders do not want to change the flag, but they want to be masters. The Boers are struggling not for the flag, but for the mastery. So independence bears a different meaning as Sir Alfred Milner uses it and as President Kruger uses it. Soft words butter no parsnips, and unless the High Commissioner's experience of the Civil Service enables him to suggest a pleasant method of superannuating the Boer oligarchy, he may find that diplomacy has its limits, and is least potent when dealing with racial differences.

Meanwhile the correspondence on the dynamite monopoly does not help matters. Mr. Chamberlain argues that though the Republic may establish a monopoly, and thus exclude English traders, for *bonâ fide* fiscal reasons, the monopoly was so inherently extravagant that it could not have been designed to benefit the Republic so much as to injure the English. If he could establish this, he might be able to convince us all that the Convention had been broken. He proves conclusively that the monopoly was extravagant; that the concessionaire was given absurd terms, and was allowed to continue to make huge profits without fulfilling his bargain to start a sufficient home manufacture of explosives to meet the needs of the country. But this, in our judgment, scarcely carries him far enough. Mr. Reitz is able to reply that the Raad looked to other than fiscal advantages. They did not, in fact, care how much they made the Outlanders pay so long as they secured the establishment of a factory, which they considered necessary for the defence of the Republic. This is probably substantially true. Bribes may have helped, but the main point was not to injure British traders in dynamite so much as to secure the means of repelling British force. Thus we are brought back to the same inevitable *crux*. The Boer cares little or nothing for the cost of economic heresy. He wants to maintain a government of the country by the Dutch for the Dutch. His notion of doing that is not by establishing a University which will give his sons technical training and intellectual advantages, enabling them to hold their own in a civilised democracy. He began with his rifle at Laing's Nek, and with his rifle he hopes to end. His method of government may be hopelessly reactionary, but it is the only way he knows, and Sir Alfred Milner will find him less receptive of new ideas than the most reactionary of Cairo pashas.

THE REAL EDUCATION BILL.

NEVER was there a more ridiculously one-sided discussion than the debate in Committee on Mr. Robson's Bill last Wednesday. The arguments to which the little knot of obstructive Tories from Lancashire were reduced would almost have justified the interposition of the Chair. Mr. George Whiteley, who misrepresents a town once represented by Cobden, complained that manufacturers had been surprised at a Bill to carry out the recommendations of a Conference that sat in 1890. Mr. Tomlinson pleaded for time on behalf of the Education Department, although the Vice-President of the Council expressed his approval of the Bill as it stood. Sir Alfred Hickman, who is very anxious to provide his workmen with houses at the expense of the rates, suggested that, if the Bill passed, children between eleven and twelve should be supported out of the taxes. Mr. Wilson, of Durham, blandly observed that

better wages would be a more obvious solution of the difficulty felt by Sir Alfred. The amendments moved were almost as absurd as the speeches made in support of them. Mr. Whiteley had two. One would have postponed the operation of the Bill to the year 1905; the other would have raised the age to eleven and a half instead of twelve. Neither was proposed in good faith. Both were purely obstructive. Mr. Whiteley has no wish to raise the age of compulsory attendance to eleven and a half or any other figure in 1905 or any other year. Sir John Gorst had to point out that Mr. Tomlinson's amendments were absolute nonsense, and they were not even put from the Chair. It was, however, gravely argued by one or two Lancashire merchants that the interests of the poor should be specially protected. It is astonishing that such an argument should be addressed to an intelligent assembly. For what it comes to is, that large families are to be utilised as a means for keeping down the rate of wages. The Rutherfords and Mellors and Pilkingtons can easily by a slight increase of pay save the parents from any loss incurred by keeping little boys and girls out of the factories until they have learned to read and write. It would be uncandid to ignore the fact that the Lancashire weavers at one time joined their employers in attempting to defeat this Bill; but they were entirely opposed to any suggestion of special immunity in particular cases. They quite admitted that the law must be uniform, though there is, alas! far too much slackness in its administration.

The rules of the House of Commons are fearfully and wonderfully made. They were not originally designed for the prevention of public business, but that is now the principal use to which many of them are put. Mr. Robson's Bill consists of two clauses. The first and operative clause was disposed of before the House adjourned on Wednesday afternoon. The second is a technical piece of drafting, to which there are no amendments. Some new clauses, which resemble the amendments already moved, stand in the names of Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Rutherford. Thus the consideration of the Bill in Committee was virtually completed on Wednesday. But because the process was not technically perfect, the Bill loses its place, and, unless the Government take it up, a single Member can prevent it from being brought on again this Session. Such is the result of a Standing Order which was supposed to help Private Members' Bills by giving precedence after Whitsuntide to those read a second time before that date. Next Wednesday the first order will be, not the Children's Bill, but the Service Franchise Bill, and Mr. Robson's chance is gone. It is not his fault. He has done all he could, and by an opportune movement of the closure he secured the adoption of the first clause. The impotence of the House against obstruction is the real moral of the incident, apart from the merits of the Bill. The majorities on Wednesday were overwhelming. They were such as have rarely been obtained for any legislation, and scarcely ever for legislation promoted by a private Member. They indicated practical unanimity, and if the Committee could have sat till half-past seven, instead of half-past five, the Bill would have been safe. It is now in the power of the crank, and can be killed by the simple expedient of blocking, the lineal descendant of the Polish *liberum veto*. A heavy responsibility now rests upon Mr. Balfour. He is a Lancashire Member, and he did not vote on the second reading of the Bill, nor on Wednesday. But as Leader of the House he has now to decide whether its will shall be thwarted by a small knot of interested men.

As we have often criticised the conduct of Sir John Gorst, it seems only fair to say that his support of this Bill has been loyal and sincere. He made an excellent speech for it on the second reading, and on Wednesday he gave it the most valuable form of assistance by backing up Mr. Robson in the fewest possible words. His declaration that the Government of Lord Salisbury had instructed him to vote for raising the age at the Berlin Conference was worth many speeches, and his official approval of Mr. Robson's own amendment, which conciliated the agricultural interest, was worth many votes. But it is notorious that Sir John Gorst has no influence upon the Cabinet; and it is with the Cabinet that this matter now rests. The Cabinet must be largely guided by the Duke of Devonshire, who is the technical head of the Education Department. His Grace must be aware that this Bill is far the most important measure of the year, and the best Education Bill introduced since 1870. Is it to be strangled for the want of a few hours which will probably be wasted? This is the Government of social reform, as Mr. Chamberlain is never tired of telling us. No social reform is more pressing or more beneficial than the improvement, which includes the enlargement, of elementary education. Birmingham is justly proud of its schools, and the principal representative of Birmingham may be expected to raise his voice in the Cabinet for a change of which he knows the value. Lord Salisbury must be regarded as a hostile force, and it is significant that Lord Cranborne spoke in favour of a wrecking amendment. The only form of elementary teaching to which Lord Salisbury attaches any importance is the Church Catechism. In such questions he is a thorough obscurantist, and Mr. Balfour, with all his philosophical enlightenment, is not much better. Mr. Balfour, however, has to think of his own followers in Parliament, who support the Bill by three to one. He cannot wash his hands of it. The Bill is no longer Mr. Robson's. It has become the Bill of all parties in the House, and its abandonment would be a public scandal most injurious to her Majesty's ministers.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

WE are curious to know what apology Mr. Smalley and his employers intend to make for their unfounded charges against the Government of Canada. The charges, put in brief, were these: (1) that the Canadians had shown themselves unyielding and unreasonable throughout the negotiations, and (2) that since the adjournment of the last Conference a provisional arrangement had been come to between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Choate, but that this was upset by the peremptory demand of the Canadians that certain territory in Alaska should be ceded to their country, whatever the result of the arbitration. The first charge does not amount to much. It is a matter of temperament, and nobody has ever previously accused our American cousins of any lack of persistency and acuteness in making a bargain. But the second charge is serious and specific. If it was true, the Canadian Ministers, at a time when the harmony of the English-speaking races is of supreme importance, would have been guilty of standing in the way of a reasonable settlement by making a demand which America was bound to refuse. It has now been clearly shown that Mr. Smalley's statement was untrue. Two of the Canadian Commissioners have specifically denied it; no responsible person in the United States has affirmed it. *The Times* palliates its correspondent's partiality by saying he is "a good American"—a reputation which he must have

recently acquired, if he has acquired it, among his own countrymen. But this is not a mere question of prejudice; it is a question of fact. What we want to know is whether *The Times*, having been unwittingly made the medium of a false statement injurious to the national reputation, intends to apologise.

The matter is not an unimportant one. The Liberal party in Canada stands in a somewhat difficult position. On the one side it is tainted by a past reputation for too great complacency towards the Americans, and a public announcement that a seaport in Alaska has been insisted on by the Canadian Government as a *sine quâ non* would be followed by many a Tory taunt in Canada if that demand were ultimately to fail. There is a grave danger that, though the claim has not been made, Canadian opinion will not now allow the Government to yield as much as might have been possible if Washington and Mr. Smalley had been more silent or more accurate. On the other side, the Canadian Liberals have already had reason to feel that they were not too well backed by the Tory Government at home. We have previously told the secret history of their tariff proposals. On the penny post question they had literally to force the hand of the home Government. Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the Pacific Cable project is too recent to be forgotten. All this is perfectly well understood by the American negotiators. Anything which gives the American people further reason to believe that Canada is not being backed by the Foreign Office must tend to produce an indisposition to make the concessions which are necessary for compromise, while the effect on Canadian public opinion might be disastrous to the empire. Thus, it is difficult to conceive of any case where tittle-tattle—usually contemptible—could be more dangerous.

It must be remembered, in weighing the probable origin of this outburst, that there are American interests, with which Mr. Smalley has always been in sympathy, opposed to any settlement with Canada. Some of the causes of ill-feeling between the two neighbouring nations arise from acts of mere unfriendliness, like the alien labour law. But the more difficult are those due to the Protective policy of the leading financial supporters of the Republican administration. Canadian lumbermen have been prevented from manufacturing woodwork for the American market by tariff laws designed, not to foster the home manufacture of home raw materials, but to compel Canadian raw materials to be exported unmanufactured. Legislation of this sort has of course led to bad feeling on both sides. Is it too much to suspect that there are some big manufacturers in high favour at Washington or in good society in New York who would be glad to upset on another issue negotiations likely to lead to a certain measure of commercial reciprocity? Even in the immediate difficulty of Alaska the Protectionists are at the bottom of the mischief. The question at issue under the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 is whether the right which the treaty gave to the Russians to hold all land within ten miles of the ocean allows their successors in title to hold all land within ten miles of tidal waters. If, to refer to more familiar geographical conditions, a treaty said that the French should hold the coast of England for a distance of ten miles inland from the ocean, would the boundary be ten miles from the North Foreland, or ten miles from Tilbury or ten miles from Teddington, as the limit of tidal waters? The point would not be absolutely clear, and would be eminently suited for international arbitration. Both sides agreed in principle to refer to arbitration the question as to the Lynn Canal, and it might have been in a fair way towards settlement but for the extraordinary squabble as to whether the arbitrator should be selected from South America or from Europe. We have never been able to understand why the Government of Mr. McKinley, if they were really anxious for a settlement, made such a fight for the choice of an arbitrator between two English-speaking peoples from among the Spanish-American republics which both despise. Argentina produced one distinguished international lawyer in Signor Calvo, but normally if two English-speaking business men had a dispute which they wanted to settle, about the last person they would think of nominating as arbitrator would be a Spanish-American. Thus there was not quite so much sweet reasonableness as Mr. Smalley would have us believe in the attitude of his Protectionist friends at Washington. But this is not all. The mere continuance of American political control over what Canadians believe to be Canadian territory would be of little moment if the Americans allowed a reasonable amount of economic freedom. The complaint of the Canadians is that they do not. The custom-house at Dyea is exacting as against Canadian goods. The American navigation laws prevent any goods, American or British, being carried from San Francisco, or Portland, to Dyea in British bottoms. It is part of the coasting trade which is reserved to American ships. Thus the political possession of the coast strip between the new gold fields and the sea is made the means of inflicting infinite economic annoyance. This sort of thing does no good to America, and can only lead to ill-will. The real obstacle to good feeling between Canada and the United States is not to be found in the Liberal Government of Canada but in the Protectionist ring, who have still, unfortunately, too much influence with President McKinley. We have sympathy with every well-directed effort to secure accord with the United States, and in ordinary circumstances we should be rather pleased at the novel spectacle of *The Times* championing America and protesting against the extortionate claims of a British colony. But on this occasion *The Times* has allowed itself to be made the mouthpiece of the most narrow and unjust element among the American Protectionists, who are becoming alarmed lest economic results should follow from the new political sympathy between the American and the British peoples.

FINANCE.

THROUGHOUT the week the Stock Exchange has preserved an expectant attitude, waiting for the decision of the Court of Cassation and for the result of the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger. The Epsom Races have taken away many of the larger operators; the New York Stock Exchange has been closed for two days; and the London Stock Exchange has been engaged in the fortnightly settlement from Saturday morning last till Wednesday evening. As a natural consequence business has been slack. Prices are well maintained, and there has been a hopeful and even a cheerful feeling in most departments. But few have cared to commit themselves to new ventures. The City has perhaps been more interested in the negotiations leading up to the Japanese loan than in anything else. The loan, as our readers probably know, is for 10,000,000 sterling, bearing 4 per cent. interest, and is offered to the public at the price of 90. It was originally given to the Yokohama Specie Bank, which banks with Parr's Bank, and these two institutions invited to join them the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China and the Hong

Kong and Shanghai Bank. The four institutions were careful not to commit themselves to a definite agreement with the Japanese Government until they had got the whole loan underwritten in London, the underwriting price being 88. There has been a good deal of hostility manifested to the loan by some of the great issuing houses, and many people think that the Japanese Government would have been better advised if it had come to this market at first for a much smaller amount, say three or four millions sterling, and, furthermore, if it had offered its bonds at a somewhat lower price. The Japanese Government, however, is proud of its own position in the world, and is confident of its resources. And there can be no reasonable doubt that the Japanese Government is able to fulfil all its engagements provided it keeps out of war. The country has made wonderful progress, and is making very great progress still. Just after the war with China the people were inclined to go ahead too fast. They increased their imports too rapidly, and they engaged in too many new industries, especially in the building of factories on an enormous scale. But they have gradually come to see that they must proceed more cautiously, and they are putting their affairs in thorough order. During 1897 and 1898 there was a serious failure of the rice crop; but this year both the rice and the silk crops are very abundant, and the country is prosperous. Provided, therefore, Japan keeps out of war, she is well able to fulfil her obligations. But war would be a serious matter. Another thing that has excited much interest in the City is the negotiation of a new Russian railway loan for a trifle under three millions sterling. It is to bear 4 per cent., and there is to be a sinking fund of ½ per cent. The bonds are guaranteed by the Russian Government, and the railway for which the money is required is about 1,350 miles long. The loan is being issued in London by Messrs. Schröder. We believe it was first offered in Paris and Berlin, but no House in either city would venture to bring it out. Here it was very badly received at first, and undoubtedly City opinion even to the end is unfavourable to it. The Russian Government is naturally desirous of once more being able to place loans in London; and, therefore, the success of the negotiations with Messrs. Schröder is considered a matter of importance. In the meantime trade throughout the country continues wonderfully good, and from every great centre it is reported that manufacturers have orders that will last them for two years to come. The prices of most articles are rising steadily, the most recent rise being in silk, the consumption of which is increasing, but not perhaps at such a rate as would justify the demand that has sprung up for raw silk both in France and the United States.

While the rates for short loans continue very easy, the rates for bills are tending upwards, and the general impression seems to be that we are soon about to see a considerable rise in the value of money. The impression is based, no doubt, chiefly upon the conclusion of the arrangements for the Japanese and Russian loans. Together they make up 13 millions sterling. And there are many other loans in contemplation which may be concluded at any time. In all reasonable probability, the money markets will be very stringent both in the United States and in Germany in the autumn, and if the stringency should be such that gold should be demanded for New York and for Berlin while there is likewise a drain from Russia and Japan, the effect upon our market might be very considerable. Meantime there is little change in the Indian Money Market. The India Council on Wednesday offered for tender thirty lacs. The applications were a little under 452 lacs; and the whole amount offered was disposed of at 1s. 3 1/16d. per rupee for telegraphic transfers, and 1s. 3 1/32d. per rupee for bills. Next Wednesday the Council will offer forty lacs.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The news from Pekin is the reverse of satisfactory, and it begins to look as though another crisis might come hard upon the heels of the Anglo-Russian agreement. *The Times* is very bitter, and it unquestionably expresses the feelings of a large majority of the commercial community. Whatever else may be said about Lord Salisbury it cannot be said that he is fortunate in his dealings with Russia and her diplomatists. Ill-luck seems indeed to dog his footsteps, and his followers hold up their hands in dismay as they see the results of his policy in China. Everybody has heard of the gentleman who explained his change of religion by the statement that he had been so confoundedly unlucky as a Protestant. There are a good many Conservatives just now who are contemplating a change of politics for precisely the same reason.

Innocent Canon Tristram! In this morning's *Times* he thinks that he makes a great point against Mr. Perks by asking why, if Nonconformists are as strong numerically as they assert, they object to a religious census. "The reason," says the sapient ecclesiastic, "is obvious"—a pleasant way of saying that Mr. Perks and his friends are liars. If Canon Tristram understood the A B C of the theological controversy he would be aware of the fact that the reason why Nonconformists object, not to a census of Church attendances, but to an inquisitorial inquiry into the religion of each individual, is that they hold that the State has no concern whatever with a man's religious opinions, and no right to subject him to interrogatories regarding them. This is the obvious reason, which has escaped the eagle eye of Canon Tristram, who prefers to believe that Nonconformists are lying when they claim that they outnumber the members of the Church of England.

The statement in *The Daily Telegraph* this morning with reference to the proceedings at The Hague yesterday is one of exceptional interest and importance. If it should turn out that Sir Julian Pauncefote has actually proposed the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration, and that this suggestion finds acceptance with the majority of the Powers, the triumph of the Conference is assured. Moreover, this country will have a right to lay claim to a full share in that triumph. However, it is still too soon to congratulate ourselves upon the result of the gathering at The Hague. All that is certain so far is that the proceedings of the Conference are more interesting and important than people had anticipated.

Monday.—Lord Spencer's speech on Saturday evening seems to have given great offence to some of his Tory critics. It is apparently a crime for a Liberal to take a hopeful view of the prospects of his party, and *The Standard*, in its wrath, blandly tells Lord Spencer that every word he is saying is untrue. This is a satisfactory demonstration of the fact that grave uneasiness now prevails among the Ministerialists with regard to the future. Conscious of their own weakness and of the ever-increasing unpopularity of the Government, they have pinned their hopes upon the divisions among Liberals and the difficulties attending the future leadership of the party. They are disgusted to find that the great majority of Liberals take no account of those divisions, and are confident that the question of leadership is one that will speedily settle itself in the right way. I can vouch for the fact that I have not known for many years so much confidence and hopefulness to prevail among Liberals as exists at present. Everywhere the feeling that the worst is over, and that no more crises are to be expected, seems to have possession of the minds of the active members of the party; and the General Election is being anticipated with a

feeling of confidence that may well cause disquietude in the breasts of the Ministerialists.

Tuesday.—Although a certain degree of interest attaches to the speech which Sir William Harcourt is to address to his constituents to-night, the question which seems to be of most interest to politicians is the re-assembling of the House of Commons to-morrow, and the fate of Mr. Robson's Half-Timers Bill. A great deal will depend upon the fate of this Bill, and the vigorous whipping which has been carried on in its favour will, it is hoped, be followed by the success of the measure. If that should be the case, one of the chief triumphs of the present session will have fallen to the Opposition, and to an independent member of that body.

But all domestic questions have fallen into the background this week when compared with the new chapter in the Dreyfus tragedy which has just been opened. I have said as little about the Dreyfus case in this diary as possible, for it is not a question that affects English politics. But, as a matter of fact, it has aroused a keener interest among the public of this country than most questions touching our domestic affairs, and now that we seem to be approaching the critical moment in the story, popular attention is absorbed in what is passing in Paris. The opinion in England, it need hardly be said, is almost unanimously in favour of the unhappy victim of the General Staff. Only one or two of our politicians take the opposite view, and they are men who have a natural inclination to side with the minority in every case. Liberals and Conservatives, rich and poor, high and low—the popular feeling in Great Britain is absolutely on the side of Captain Dreyfus; and now that the moment approaches when his fate is to be decided, the public anxiety becomes very marked.

Wednesday.—The Southport result is even better than had been anticipated by the sanguine. It shows that it was no momentary change of opinion which secured the return of Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland last summer, but that in this typical Lancashire constituency there is a real and unmistakable turn of the tide. The result of yesterday's sweeping victory is a bitter disappointment to the Ministerialists. It has already given rise to fresh rumours of the determination of the Government to hasten an appeal to the country before the "dry rot" in their party spreads further; but, widely-spread as these rumours are, I do not believe them.

Sir William Harcourt's speech in Wales was in a very different tone from that which he delivered at the Devonshire Club. Evidently he has learned the lesson which was taught by the reception given to that most unfortunate and deplorable utterance. Whether he would not have done better—as he did not fulfil his promise to repeat to his constituents what he had said at the Devonshire Club—to withdraw the charges which he had made against Lord Rosebery is a matter of which it may be presumed he is himself the best judge. Most persons when they have gravely misunderstood and publicly misrepresented the action of another person feel it to be due to themselves, when they have discovered their mistake, to offer some kind of formal explanation of their conduct. This apparently is not Sir William's way. But substantially he does something quite as effectual by making a speech which is in itself an answer to the "authorised report" of his remarks at the Devonshire Club. His remarks upon Imperialism would have been more effective if they had been more precise. It is not enough to disclaim Jingoism on the one side and Little Englandism on the other. We shall need some more definite statement than any which was made last night to convince the majority of Liberals that Sir William Harcourt is in sympathy with them on questions affecting the larger interests of the empire.

Thursday.—Mr. Robson had a great victory for his Half-Timers Bill yesterday afternoon. It is true that the small knot of members who represent the interests of the child-sweaters won a technical triumph by their deliberate obstruction. They prevented the completion of the Committee stage in the course of yesterday's sitting. But the child-sweaters notwithstanding, Mr. Robson enjoyed a great moral triumph, and his Bill ought now to be safe. Despite the fact that the House met under exceptional circumstances on the Derby Day, and at the close of the Whitsuntide recess, there was an unusually large attendance of members, and the majorities for the Bill ranged between ten and twenty to one. After this Mr. Balfour is bound to find time for the conclusion of the Committee stage, and there is consequently some reason to believe that the present session will witness the passing of at least one measure of first-rate importance.

Wherever one meets an ardent politician nowadays the first question one hears is as to the probable date of the dissolution. There is no doubt that a considerable section of Ministerialists favour an early appeal to the country. They are desperately afraid of what will happen if the election is delayed for a couple of years. Some of them would like to see a sudden dissolution during the present summer. Lord Salisbury is by no means likely to listen to such a demand; but it is beginning to be regarded as probable that next year will see the end of the present Parliament, and on both sides preparations for the conflict are already beginning. In the meantime it is well understood that all is not going on as it ought to do in the innermost circle of the Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, it is confidently asserted, are not at one with regard to the policy to be pursued in South Africa. Indeed, the result of the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger is awaited with some anxiety by those who dread a possible crisis within the Ministry.

Friday.—The eyes of the country are turned to-day to the Orange Free State and to the meeting between President Kruger and the British High Commissioner. That a great deal depends upon this meeting everybody knows. The hope generally expressed is that some arrangement satisfactory to all parties will be arrived at; but some of those who are most familiar with the secret history of our relations with the Transvaal take a gloomy view of the position.

There is much speculation in the Lobby as to the vote on the grant to Lord Kitchener. As Mr. Morley and his supporters seem to be raising the question on the ground of the treatment of the dead body of the Mahdi, the vote will not have the political importance that might otherwise have attached to it. Everybody regrets the defilement of the Mahdi's tomb; and though most persons feel that it is undesirable to punish a brave soldier who doubtless acted under advice and to the best of his judgment, and who has rendered great services to his country, it is quite possible that a considerable number of members will vote with Mr. Morley as a protest against this isolated incident in the campaign. Most of the Liberal leaders will support the grant.

WILL DREYFUS BE ACQUITTED?

IT is rash to play the oracle about French affairs; but present omens point to the acceptance of revision by the Court of Cassation. M. Ballot-Beaupré has provided the Court with precisely the kind of argument that appeals to the French legal mind. The tremendous array of proofs which has satisfied every sane observer that Dreyfus is the victim of a conspiracy plays only a subsidiary part in M. Ballot-Beaupré's Report. He had to argue for revision, not for the annulment of the sentence. The distinction is strange to the English mind, but elementary in French judicial procedure. For the annulment of the sentence it would have been sufficient to cite the illegality

of the Dreyfus court-martial. Documents were submitted to the judges behind the back of the defence. This is of capital importance to the judgment of the world in general; it is quite irrelevant in the judgment of the Court on the question of ordering a fresh trial. M. Ballot-Beaupré was required by the law to adduce "a new fact tending to establish the innocence of the prisoner" —not a proof of innocence, but a presumption. To prove innocence at this stage is to prove too much. It may seem to the unsophisticated public that the proof of Esterhazy's authorship of the *bordereau* is a good deal more than a presumption of Dreyfus's innocence; but the wary Ballot-Beaupré does not go so far. To the vigilant precisians he was addressing he submitted the point that if Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*, Dreyfus could not have sold to the foreigner the military information specified in that document, and therefore the basis of the indictment in 1894 melts away.

The argument on this issue, as all the world knows, is conclusive. Dreyfus did not write, and could not have written, the *bordereau*. The shifting opinion of the experts in caligraphy has finally decided that it is in Esterhazy's handwriting. Authentic letters of Esterhazy's have proved that he used the peculiar kind of paper on which the *bordereau* is written, a paper not in common use. He lied about this at first, but subsequently admitted it. General Roget says the letters are not Esterhazy's; but General Roget would say anything. Again, the argument as to the date of the *bordereau* is all in favour of Dreyfus. If the date is August, 1894, then he could not have said that he was off to the manœuvres, because he knew from a regulation issued in May that he was not to attend them. If the date is April, the allusion is meaningless; there were no manœuvres at that time. It is established that not Dreyfus but Esterhazy attended the Chalons manœuvres in August, and that he habitually used the incorrect phrase of the *bordereau*, "partir en manœuvres," instead of "partir pour les manœuvres." These damning facts were unknown to the court-martial of 1894, and if they were known to the court-martial of 1897, which acquitted Esterhazy "by order," they were ignored. To a new court-martial in 1899, appointed to try Dreyfus on the clearly specified issue of the *bordereau*, they would be irresistible. Against this contingency the General Staff has attempted to provide by a double-headed formula: (1) That if Esterhazy were to admit openly that he wrote the *bordereau*, this would merely prove that he was "bought by the Syndicate of treason;" (2) that even if he did write it, his guilt does not disprove the guilt of Dreyfus. It is quite probable that this malignant obstinacy will survive an acquittal by a fresh court-martial. The Rochefort crew will continue to appeal to the "confession" and to the forgeries of the secret *dossier*, which the *Figaro* has exploded. The knaves and the buffoons—the Beaurepaires and the Déroulèdes—who are permitted to preach treason in the Assize Court and to insult the President of the Republic will call upon the Army to resist the reinstatement of Dreyfus, and upon patriots in general to assassinate him.

It is a nice question whether the victory of disorder in the acquittal of Déroulède, who invited the jury to approve his crusade against the Republic, will prevail over common-sense and decent instinct in military judges sitting and trying Dreyfus anew, far away from the tumult and temptations of Paris, with the clearest case before them of a gross miscarriage of justice and the martyrdom of innocence. These men cannot be really deceived again by the fraud of the "confession." They know that Dreyfus was sent to the Devil's Island, and subjected to exceptional rigour, simply because he refused to confess. Had he yielded in despair to the persuasion of Du Paty de Clam, and thus for ever damned all hope of redress, he would have been treated with comparative leniency. His "confession" was manifestly a repetition to Lebrun-Renault of the suggestion Du Paty de Clam had made to him in vain. Why should he cry, "I am innocent — my innocence will be proclaimed in three years," if he had just admitted that he was not innocent? Lebrun-Renault never took this in the light of a "confession," or he would have reported it to M. Dupuy and President Casimir-Périer when they examined him at the time. Dreyfus had no relations whatever with any foreign agent; he did not confess; his own testimony shows that he was once on the point of suicide, but was saved by the native strength of his character. He and Picquart are made of the same dauntless stuff. Both are soldiers of rare abilities. Dreyfus had the promise of a brilliant career; he was rich, ambitious, devoted to his profession, and an Alsatian who had inherited the spirit of Alsace before that province was torn from France. Was there any reason why such a man should court ruin by turning traitor? Picquart was one of the most brilliant officers in the French Army. What motive other than the highest could he have had for sacrificing his position for the sake of a man unjustly condemned, whom he did not know, and to track down a villain who was also a stranger to him?

To most observers outside of France these things have been clearly visible from the first. There are a few exceptions — witness the sad case of Mr. Labouchere, who, with one of the finest noses for rascality, has clung steadfastly to the wrong scent. The Zola trial ought to have convinced him that the General Staff was a gang of hardened liars. We use this plain speech with all deference to the amiable *Westminster Gazette*, which mournfully assures us that the comments of the English Press on the Dreyfus case have done more than the Fashoda affair to cause bad blood between England and France. Our contemporary's urbanity is well known; it embraces the just and the unjust; it would not address itself save in terms of the most scrupulous politeness even to a rattlesnake. But with its horror of making bad blood, why does the *Westminster Gazette* quote with approval M. de Blowitz's scathing indictment of the men who have conspired to keep Dreyfus in prison? We are reminded of the lady who arrived at the foot of the staircase at an Underground Railway station with a gentleman just as the gate was slammed in their faces. The gentleman said "Damn!"; the lady said "Thank you so much!" *The Westminster Gazette* would never say "Damn!"—"Damns," it is evident, make bad blood—but it is none the less grateful to the candour of M. de Blowitz. The comments of the English Press have differed in no respect from the comments of any other Press. The civilised world has spoken its mind about this affair, because it is contrary to the interests of all nations that any one of them should deliberately poison justice. That is why we take leave without any ceremony to say that the choice of France is between honest men and scoundrels in high places. If Dreyfus be not acquitted, the distemper which is riotous in the body politic will extinguish every guarantee of liberty, and make France politically and morally a leper.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

A COMPLETED career, with all the hopes and promises of youth not only fulfilled but surpassed, does not awaken in us the same intellectual interest and curiosity as a career marred by personal flaws or insurmountable circumstances which, like the "dram of eale" in the "noble nature," makes a mock of all the gifts of nature or of fortune. Men are chiefly interesting when they are "on the make." Made, we label them and put them into their ascertained place, troubling ourselves no more about them. Some men are for ever in the state of "coming"

and never come. To the political student such men are as fascinating as Hamlet is to the psychologist. Mostly, too, it is the man of literary temperament—who at times "unpacks his heart of words" and again "thinks too precisely on the event," who raves and sulks in turn, who alternates between timidity and rashness—that presents the sad spectacle of futile prodigality in the most dolorous colours. The man of action goes down, beaten; but we pass on unmoved. But the foiled dreamer touches us with the grief of Fortinbras for one who might have done right nobly. To no man of our generation do these considerations apply with anything like the closeness with which they bear upon the illustrious Spaniard whose genius has shed lustre upon a land rich in almost everything that genius could bestow.

Emilio Castelar has passed into history. To the casual eye his career would have ended more picturesquely a quarter of a century ago. Since 1874 he has lived on, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," in the disillusion which awaits the imaginative man in an age of prose. But these years of self-suppression are rightly judged the truest attestation of his sincere and elevated patriotism. In the "high Pindaric way" of youth he saw the easiest solution for all political programmes. The British Constitution was the ready panacea for all ills. Parliament, platform, and Press were the great organs of political vitality. Alas! he lived to see that nations are not all made on the same pattern, and that the dazzling eloquence of the Cortes was a poor substitute for the patient statesmanship of the Escurial. Zorilla was hardly the equal of Ximenes, and the "Cantonalists" were not exactly the peers of the Conquistadores. He came to see that national glory, nay even national safety, may have to be bought by a curtailment of the individual's supposed right to be garrulous; and, like the illustrious Manin of Venice, he proclaimed his inconsistency even though anathema awaited him. "Let our names perish, but let no one say that we have ruined Spain." He had seen the wise work of Thiers and perhaps he hoped that some day he, too, might be able to place his prowess and his experience at his country's service as the great Frenchman had done. The opportunity, indeed, came; but only the husk of the man was there to meet it. That surely was the climax of the tragedy in a life divided into three acts: Endeavour, Probation, and Despair.

The first act is occupied by the bustling political events from Castelar's *début* in 1854 up to his accession to supreme power in 1873. It was the time of Narvaez and O'Donnell. The throne maintained by British bayonets in the 'thirties against "Carlos and the priests" was now upheld by the iron hands of the grim Irish soldier who for a time seemed to have revived the ancient vigour of Spain, so that Disraeli announced that Spain could no longer be ignored in European councils. O'Donnell was not enamoured of liberty or fine talk. He had no theories of the Constitution, and was woefully lacking in appreciation of Parliamentary eloquence. Canovas del Castillo, who knew him well, bore testimony to his great work of pacification and to his high and resolute character. For Canovas del Castillo, although an orator, and a great orator, valued national advancement more than oratory, and he saw that Spain needed a strong, upright man and could dispense with "liberty-loving" declaimers without serious hurt. But Castelar never overcame his repugnance to the rule of the soldier even in an emergency. Such a thing conflicted with revealed political religion as contained in the British Constitution. Less practical than Canovas he had not the glowing imagination with which the great Impracticable, Victor Hugo, could invest any political landscape with the hues of his own fancy. He saw just enough to make himself weak and therefore miserable. He declaimed, he prophesied, he promised. Later on his declamations, prophecies, and promises were presented for payment in history's ironic way. His "Formul del Progresso" is as immature as Shelley's schoolboy political speculations. To him, as to Shelley, "liberty" was itself the *telos* of government. A gulf yawned between "free" (or talking) governments and "tyrannical" (or inarticulate) governments. Free governments cured everything, and the more the merrier. Don Carlos had proclaimed his readiness to give Home Rule to every province (or old kingdom) in Spain. Castelar declared for a Federal Republic of sovereign states. The matter went on. Isabella intrigued against her own staunchest champions. Europe, especially England, read lessons on the political incapacity of Spain. Why had she not produced a great man? As if the space between Cromwell and Dutch William had been crowded with great rulers and statesmen, or that France had not seen the puny puppets of the Regency!

Great men are not annuals, nor are voluptuous courts their natural habitat. Of all kinds of men the orator was least likely to be of use at such a time, and when O'Donnell's death was followed by Isabella's flight it was only too clear that Spain had got drunk on words. As long as words are merely words, as long as they are only considered from the æsthetic point of view, they may be harmless. But when the wordy person becomes ruler there is great risk. Castelar was a consummate master of the most elevated language spoken by men. But words, as Bacon warns us, may become our masters. To Castelar the name of a thing was the thing itself. Shakespeare, in a line of surpassing depth, has told us that

> 'Tis flat idolatry when the service is made greater than the god—

an admonition that no political orator ought to forget.

Castelar learned it in the bitter school of experience. When he came to power in 1873, he had to learn the bitter lesson that so many too-enthusiastic persons have been taught—that fine words are very poor political fare. He who had so eloquently declared that force was no remedy had no alternative in the winter of 1873 but to hold down the Spanish people by rough soldiers like Pavia. Had he the nerve that Gambetta or Parnell would have shown in such a crisis he might, by his salutary inconsistency, have saved Spain. But his eloquent exculpations (like Hamlet's over the dead body of Polonius) showed that his action had been a mere emotional outburst and not a deliberate volition. The spell was broken. Never again did he hypnotise the Spaniards. Like a discredited musician he withdrew to his meditations, and looked out upon the world which embittered him with its pity. He kept the whiteness of his soul unstained. How far his prodigious gifts of oratory endured can only be guessed. That oratory was unrivalled in our time, and it was of unique *genre*. We must look to the past for something resembling it. Probably of all who spoke the English tongue Sheridan alone may be profitably compared to him in fire, flow, and magniloquence.

A MONTH OF MIXED CRICKET.

TO be a first-class cricketer nowadays a man must be to some extent a philosopher; for, with wickets so delicately perfect that every variation of our most variable climate affects them, he must possess, above all other qualifications, a disposition that will enable him to take things as they come without allowing himself to be disturbed, and to make the most of every piece of good fortune that falls to his lot. But in some ways the absolute unreliability of our British weather is really a good thing. If the weather is bad, and the turf soft and "sticky," the bowler rejoices and says: "Let us take wickets and reduce our averages, for to-morrow the batsman may have matters

all his own way." And the batsman, who has been more or less despondent meanwhile, waits patiently until fine weather comes, and the turf becomes dry and pleasant to walk upon; and then he scores a hundred runs or so, and the bowler and the fieldsman have to work hard for little reward. But no cricketer ever grumbles more than might be readily excused, for he knows from experience that, however badly the weather treats him to-day, it will tell in his favour to-morrow, or the day after. And so every man has his turn; and, on the whole, the balance between batsmen and bowlers is held fairly level in most cricket seasons.

This year, although only the first month of the season has gone, we have already had weather and wickets of all kinds, as if the Clerk of the Weather had been anxious to show those of our Australian visitors who are new to England what he was really capable of doing. When the Colonial team made their first appearance, for instance, on the pretty little cricket ground at the Crystal Palace, every man was carefully wrapped up, and the Indian champion, Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, when he was "off duty," sat in a corner of the pavilion half buried in a huge overcoat, looking the picture of misery; and this week—not a month later—the difficulty that players have had to contend with has been not that of keeping warm but that of finding some head-gear that would afford adequate protection from the rays of the fiercely hot sun. Between the two extremes—at Whitsuntide, when so many important matches are generally looked for—came rain that was of no use even to the bowlers, since, on most grounds, it made cricket altogether impossible.

All these changes, of course, though they have made "form" somewhat unreliable, have provided plenty of sensation and of excitement. In the wet weather, for instance, the Surrey team, who made over eight hundred runs in an innings this week—a feat that they had never before performed, and that had until then only twice been recorded in first-class cricket—were dismissed for such comparatively insignificant scores as 64 (by the Australians) and 127 by the weak Leicestershire team. The Australians themselves were all put out for 73 by Essex, who, in turn, were twice dismissed by Yorkshire for 59 and 64. Surrey, in their turn, dismissed Leicestershire for 74 and 40. And at Lord's a county match—and, unfortunately, a benefit match by which one of the finest "all-round" cricketers of the 'eighties, Flowers, of Nottinghamshire, hoped to profit—was begun and finished in a day, as Middlesex could only score 86, and Somerset 35 and 44. On the other hand, since the wickets ceased to give the bowlers so much assistance, many of the teams who suffered most a fortnight ago have retrieved their fortunes by very fine batting. Surrey, for instance, have made scores of 811 against Somerset, of 506 against Leicestershire, and of 375 against Derbyshire. Yorkshire have twice scored between four and five hundred—429 against Cambridge University and 499 against Somerset. And Gloucestershire have played an innings of 404 against Surrey. But throughout the month the county that has had most ill-fortune has been Somerset, for, while it could make only small scores in the "bowlers' weather," it has had large scores compiled against its weak bowling since the wickets improved.

At this time it is far too early in the season to discuss the chances of the various counties in the struggle for the championship. Yorkshire, the champions of last year, have proved themselves to be again a very formidable team, although they have suffered defeat at the hands of Middlesex. The latter county are sure to finish high up in the list now that they have greatly strengthened their bowling. Surrey have made a good start; but, unfortunately for themselves, they have apparently not yet realised that it is a mistake to overwork an exceptionally good player, so that they are suffering from the loss of form—only temporary, it is to be hoped—of their best bowler, Richardson, just as they suffered when overwork accelerated Lohmann's breakdown a few years ago. Sussex are playing well. Worcestershire, the youngest of the first-class counties, made a sensational start among the leading counties by coming within an ace of defeating the champions, Yorkshire, and have shown excellent form in their subsequent engagements; but the other counties have done little to give any indication as to whether they are likely to figure higher or lower in the list than they did last year. The Universities have both good elevens at their command; and by a curious coincidence both the captains, who are both of them Gloucestershire players, have played innings that are especially worthy of note. Mr. Jessop, of Cambridge, a player who hits out fearlessly at any ball within reach, and who must score rapidly or not at all, has played an innings of 171 against Yorkshire and then carried his bat. And Mr. Champain, of Oxford, has had the distinction of making the first century against the Australians in a match in which his team have given a most creditable account of themselves. Besides the two captains there are batsmen on both sides who promise to develop into great players—Mr. Eccles, who is occasionally seen in the Lancashire team, and who was the hero of last year's University match; and Mr. R. E. Foster, of Oxford, for instance; and Mr. Stogdon, Mr. Taylor, Mr. S. H. Day, and possibly Mr. L. J. Moon, of Cambridge. And Oxford has two really good bowlers in Mr. Stocks and Mr. Bosanquet; while for Cambridge Mr. Fernie, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Hind have shown considerable skill with the ball. The Oxford team, too, are very clever in the field; and of the two they seem, at present, to be by far the stronger generally.

The visit of an Australian team to England always makes the cricket season in which it occurs one of exceptional interest, and the team that has been sent over this year has gratified cricketers everywhere by showing itself to be one of the strongest that has ever represented Australia. In batting it is so powerful that it has practically no "tail"; it has bowlers of every kind, and to suit all wickets; and in the field it is even more brilliant than Australian teams usually are. An English crowd always watches a match in which an Australian team is engaged with mixed feelings; and the delight with which their downfall is greeted is scarcely greater than that which greets their victory over a powerful home team. But however the "test" matches result—and such excellent judgment has been displayed in the selection of the English eleven for the first match of the series of five, that we may be sure England will make a desperate effort to atone for the defeat in Australia eighteen months ago—nobody will grudge the victory to the winning side, and there will be no lack of sympathy, but, it is to be hoped, no excuses for the losers, who are sure to have done their best.

Of individual performances since the season opened, there are three which call for special attention. Perhaps the greatest of these is the performance of Mr. Howell, the Australian bee farmer—his business is always associated with his name, since, some years ago, at a critical point during an intercolonial match on the Melbourne Ground, when every eye was intent on watching the ball, and nobody but he had any thought for anything but the game, he turned to his neighbour in the pavilion with the totally irrelevant remark: "I wonder how my bees are getting on!" In the match between Australia and Surrey, and on a wicket on which the visitors, at least, proved themselves able to make runs, Mr. Howell took all the ten Surrey wickets for only twenty-eight runs. Forty years ago, Mr. V. E. Walker performed the same feat for England against Surrey, and on two other occasions Surrey have suffered in the same way; but the feat has only once been performed in Australia, and only

once against a representative Australian team—by Edward Barratt, playing for the Players of England, at the Oval, in 1878; and no Australian bowler has ever before met with such success in England. A new bowler named Young, whom the Essex authorities "discovered" last year and bought out of the Royal Navy, has taken seven Australian wickets at a very small cost, with a soft pitch—totally unfamiliar, of course, to the Colonial players—telling in his favour. And the Surrey veteran, Abel, a player diminutive in stature, and by no means either athletic or very active in appearance, has played an innings for his county that has only once been surpassed. He went to the wickets when play commenced against Somerset at the Oval on Monday last, and was not out when the Surrey innings closed on Tuesday afternoon; and during that time he scored 357 runs. The "record" innings of 424 was made four years back by the Lancashire batsman, Mr. A. C. MacLaren. This, too, was at the expense of the Somersetshire bowlers; but the scene of the achievement was the ground at Taunton, where the boundaries are easier to reach than they are at the Oval, and the batsman's powers of endurance are, therefore, not so heavily taxed; and Mr. MacLaren was only twenty-three years of age when he made his big score, while Abel is forty! During eighteen seasons of first-class cricket Abel has scored considerably more than 20,000 runs, has bowled with considerable success at times, and has always been brilliant in the field; and when the Australians were last with us he made against them 300 runs in four innings (one of them uncompleted) for Surrey, and 184 in six innings for England, in the "test" matches; but his form earlier in the month was not such as to justify the selection committee in choosing him to play in the first "test" match for England this season. There are four more "test" matches to come, however, and Abel would have as many worshippers as "W. G." himself if he could only make such a score in one of these. The Somerset bowling is hardly equal to that of our Australian visitors, though; so this is too much to hope for.

GATHERING GULLS' EGGS.

TIMES have changed in Norfolk since the days when, to quote Sir Thomas Browne, the pewits bred in such plenty that "the country people made use of their eggs in puddings and otherwise"; whence it may safely be concluded that the eggs of the black-headed gull did not fetch so much two hundred years ago as they do now. Fortunately, however, this prodigal use was not followed by such disastrous consequences as resulted from the action of the people who lived near the Salthouse marshes, where the avocet used to breed in great numbers. They are said on high authority to have made "puddings and pancakes" of the eggs of these birds; and the wanton waste has been followed by the extinction of the avocet as a breeding species, for it now occurs only as an irregular visitor. The ruffs have been driven away by much the same treatment. Early in the century Montagu sounded a note of warning as to the dwindling numbers of these birds. He strongly deprecated the plan of snaring them in the spring, and pointed out that if this were discontinued by agreement among the proprietors of the fen-land the breed would not be so reduced. "But," he says, "there are still fowlers who make two seasons, and by catching the old birds in the spring, especially the females, verify the fable of the goose and the golden eggs. The destruction of every female in the breeding season is the probable loss of four young." So that, while freely admitting that drainage and cultivation by limiting the breeding area have been potent factors in the extermination of these two species—and, of course, of others—it cannot be denied that indiscriminate egging must bear a large share of the blame.

Fortunately, the gulls are left, though in diminished numbers, both as regards birds and breeding places. The stretch of coast on the north, between Beeston and Brancaster, has long been abandoned for nesting purposes, and though year by year the birds return to the Wells marshes, and especially to Mow—or Seamew—breek, which, of course, takes its name from them, they never stay more than a few days or attempt to make a nest. The Horsey colony, whence, in Browne's day, Norwich market was supplied with eggs and young birds, is gone, owing to the drainage of the old breeding place, and the birds seem to have been scattered, though some, no doubt, settled in such sheltered places as they could find. The Brandon gullery, just outside the limits of the county on the south, became extinct a few years before 1850. Professor Newton was told by the tenant of an adjoining rabbit warren that the owner destroyed the "coddy-moddies"—a local name for the pewits or black-headed gulls—by taking the eggs too close, and other people attributed the disappearance of the birds to the same cause. A few miles north of Thetford, a little to the east of the old main road from that town to Lynn, were other colonies, which have vanished; and one at least—that at Stanford—seems to have been broken up by the reckless stripping of the nests. Mr. Southwell dwells on the tenacity with which the birds clung to their old breeding haunts, and says that to account for their eventual disappearance we have only to bear in mind the treatment they received. Which needs neither amplification nor comment.

That it is possible to get a good gathering of eggs year by year, and yet to keep up the number of birds in a colony, is abundantly shown by the condition of some of the Norfolk gulleries—notably by that at Scoulton, the largest and most famous in the county, where the egging is systematically done by the men employed on the estate, under the superintendence of the keeper, who packs and sends away the eggs to those who have applied for them. In ordinarily good years as many as two thousand dozen are thus disposed of; but if, from any cause, there is reason to fear that the breeding stock will suffer, the gathering is less strictly carried out, so that there may be a larger supply of young birds. The home of the colony is in the Mere, in the centre of which is the "hearth," or breeding place, a boggy island covered with reeds and coarse grass, and bearing a few low trees. The birds mostly nest in company at one corner, and are thickly crowded, often sitting side by side. The nests are slight, simple structures, evincing no great amount of architectural skill on the part of the builders; and sometimes the eggs are deposited in a slight depression in the soft ground, though there is usually a lining of dry reeds or sedge. Three is the usual number in a clutch, though there are occasionally four in the first; but the second and third clutches are rarely more than two. There is a considerable amount of variation in the colouring of the eggs. According to Seebohm, whose authority on the subject stands very high, few birds are subject to greater variation in this respect. The ground colour ranges from pale bluish-green to greyish-buff and brown, spotted, blotched, and streaked in almost every conceivable variety, with surface-markings of dark brown, and underlying markings of greyish-brown. The markings may be many or few; but self-coloured eggs are not often found, and when they do occur, they are always of a bluish-green tint. These blue eggs, as they call them at the Mere, are highly valued by collectors, and in this year's gatherings but a single one was met with. The general coloration of the eggs in any given clutch is usually pretty uniform; but from time to time clutches are found in which one of the eggs differs markedly from the rest in the hue of the ground pigment and in the disposition of the markings. "Probably," says Seebohm, "the

odd egg was laid by a different bird." Of this there can be little doubt. Leverkühn, who carried out a series of observations on the subject of eggs and nesting, found on the island of Sylt double clutches of the herring-gull and the common gull. Two or three eggs, he says, were laid by each bird, as could be easily seen from the colour and structure of the shell. In his mind there was no doubt a single female hatched out the double clutch. These gulls rear but a single brood in the season, and the male birds relieve their mates in the tedious duties of incubation.

When the keeper has satisfied himself that the gulls have settled down to the business of laying, preparations are made for the egging. The men are warned to be ready on a certain day, and having put on their high boots and taken their baskets, they are punted over to the "hearth." As the boat nears the corner where the bulk of the nests are situated the whole colony is thrown into violent commotion. The birds rise and fly up in alarm at the threatened invasion, and when the eggers land the tumult and uproar are at their height. The motion of the gulls, as they fly to and fro and up and down, gives one the idea of a dense cloud driven about by opposing winds. Privileged visitors who have landed on the "hearth" in order to select a few eggs for themselves, have told how the birds, with angry cries, would swoop down close by their heads, as if to reproach them with the robbery. In the serious business of egg-gathering the cries are disregarded, and the men go quietly to work, each taking up his allotted position, and rapidly transferring the eggs from nest after nest to his capacious basket till all the ground has been gone over, and the keeper gives the signal for return. Some nests escape raiding from the fact that they are in the centre of the "hearth," where the ground is so swampy that they are free from molestation. Though these are few in number compared with those at the corner, they form an appreciable factor in the preservation of the breeding stock.

It is said, perhaps with truth, that some dealers pass off the eggs of the black-headed gull for plovers' eggs. All that are sent away from Scoulton are sold as gulls' eggs, and it is difficult to understand why confusion should arise as to eggs that differ so much in size, shape, and coloration. But there can be no doubt that many persons do confuse the birds themselves, or at least their names, from the fact that the name "pewit," formerly applied to the black-headed gull, has been also used for the lapwing, which furnishes the "plovers' eggs" for the table. In the former case the pronunciation is shown by alternative form, "puit" or "puet," still in use; in the latter by the more usual "peewit," the Scots "peaseweep," and the French "dixhuit," as trivial names for the bird.

THE DRAMA.

Shakespeare in France.

At a moment when Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt is playing Hamlet in Paris and M. Vanor, disagreeing with M. Catulle Mendès about Hamlet's fighting weight, has "caught him (M. Mendès) in the abdomen," not with "a chunk of old red sandstone," but with the point of a rapier, it will hardly do to say that Shakespeare has no influence in France. In like manner it will hardly do, in face of much of Daudet's work, to say that Dickens has been without influence in France. Nevertheless, if either Shakespeare or Dickens has been really understood in France, I will (with apologies for the expression) eat my hat. I produce M. Jusserand's "Shakespeare in France" (Fisher Unwin)—a book of the erudite, "monumental" sort—to absolve me from that feat. M. Jusserand knows what the English spirit is; he has lived among us; he has studied our literature profoundly (six books about it stand to his credit); and he is fully aware how widely the English spirit differs from the French spirit—which is "enamoured of straight lines." The French have spent nearly two hundred years in the vain effort to straighten Shakespeare's lines, to bring him "into a concatenation according." They have provided him with unities, confidants, "recits de Théramène," and every other sort of Gallic improvement. They have used him as a battle cry, a term of abuse, and an excuse for *le snobisme*. This or that actor, indulging in more than usually foolish antics, has been dubbed "bien Shakespérien." When some more than usually incomprehensible form of play has been invented by some fatuous *décadent*, the other fatuous *décadents* have cried "C'est du Shakespeare!" But the simple truth is that Shakespeare remains for the French nation at large a Britannic mystery like *le plum-pouding*. M. Jusserand, to be sure, does not admit quite so much as that; but you can read it between his words.

> The French national genius, enamoured of straight lines, is too strongly tempered to be metamorphosed. Those who might be inclined to doubt this have only to go and see Shakespeare played at the Théâtre Français or at the Odéon, particularly on a Sunday, for they will then see an average audience, which does not form its opinions on formulas learned in books. They will observe that the public applauds a scene, a tirade, a line, a striking phrase, a tragic episode, but not Shakespeare in his entirety, nor in what is most personal to him. This public listens attentively, admires sometimes, but without being carried away; it is in the presence of a genius too different from its own; the differences arouse a feeling of uneasiness as much as the beauties arouse admiration; the audience is moved, and remains in doubt.

These honest, Sunday, disconcerted burgesses have all my sympathies. They are trying their best to get outside their own skins—a "salutary form of self-torture," as Ibsen would say—and when it is over there is a hearty "ouf!" of relief. And I fancy that in the (original) Elysian Fields there is a hearty burst of laughter from "le grand Will" himself. He must enjoy the humour of the situation.

There was an even more humorous situation in the eighteenth century. Voltaire as a young man (1726-29) had come over to London, fallen in with Pope, Swift, and "the wits" generally, saw *Julius Cæsar* performed (alas! with no "A. T. Q. C." to tell him what to think of it), and introduced Shakespeare to the notice of the French public. It is true his introduction was rather "mixed." Shakespeare, Voltaire explained, "created the drama; he had a genius full of strength and fecundity, of naturalness and sublimity, without the least spark of good taste, and without the slightest knowledge of rules. I am going to say a thing very hazardous, but true; namely, that this author's merit has ruined the English stage. There are met fine scenes, such grand and terrible parts interspersed in those monstrous farces called tragedies, that his plays have always been acted with great success. . . . Most of the eccentric or *gigantesque* ideas of this author have acquired, after two hundred years, the right to pass for sublime." Shakespeare, then, after all deductions made, was, as Voltaire's countrymen would say, "quelqu'un." Anglomania rapidly gained on the French, and Shakespeare became the fashion. A complete translation by Le Tourneur was announced (1776). The King and Queen headed the list of subscribers. And an enthusiastic preface made no mention of Voltaire! This omission drove Voltaire, now the Great Cham of French literature, to fury. "Have you by any chance read," he wrote to D'Argental, "two volumes by that wretch Le Tourneur, in which he tries to make us regard Shakespeare as the only model for real tragedy? There are already two volumes printed of that Shakespeare which seem a collection of plays meant for books at the fair, and written two hundred years ago. . . . There are not enough affronts, enough fools' caps, enough pillories in France for such a knave. . . . The worst of it is that the monster has a party in France, and, worse than the worst, I was myself the first to speak of

this Shakespeare; I was the first to show the French a few pearls that I had found in his common dunghill." It was only a few days later that he sent D'Alembert a violent diatribe against Shakespeare to be read in solemn sitting of the Academy. The Academy duly applauded, and "I need not tell you," wrote D'Alembert to the great man, "that the English who were there went away displeased." And here is the cream of the joke—

> The protests of a sturdy boy of twelve had very nearly interrupted the proceedings: "There was in the assembly," wrote La Harpe to the Grand Duke of Russia, "an English youth of ten or twelve, brought up in the worship of Shakespeare, as every good Englishman is. He boiled with rage at M. de Voltaire's sarcasms, and at the laughter of the assembly. He asked those who were in his company for a whistle: 'I want to hiss that Voltaire!' he repeated." He was with great difficulty kept quiet.

And again, I think, there must have been one hearty laugher in the Elysian Fields.

Probably the one effective thing Shakespeare did in France was to reinforce the Romantic movement of the 'thirties. It was in the winter of 1827-28 (the winter of the Preface to *Cromwell*) that Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss Smithson played him in Paris, and gave the leading Romanticists their cue. "It was the first time," wrote Dumas, "that the stage had shown me real passions animating men and women of flesh and blood." Delacroix painted the Players' Scene from *Hamlet*; Berlioz publicly wondered whether it would be granted to him to meet Shakespeare in heaven—and, meanwhile, married Miss Smithson ("who," unkindly says Mr. Archer in his "Macready," "was regarded in London as a third-rate performer with an Irish brogue"). The Shakespearian influence on Musset's comedies is known of all men.

M. Jusserand has turned out a very substantial piece of work. We shall owe him a still heavier debt of gratitude if he will now undertake a companion work on "Shakespeare in England." For the history of the curious variations in English views as to Shakespeare has never been properly done. And M. Jusserand—with full knowledge of this subject and a mental "detachment" in regard to it which could not be looked for in an Englishman—is the very man to do it.

A. B. W.

THE MARSHES IN JUNE.

LEVELS of rosy snow
The unbroken dome of sky
Bends over, with its clouds afloat,
So many a fleecy, pearly boat—
The lapwing's cry,
And the deep-toned, slow
Roar o' the unseen sea . . .
Lie still, lie still,
And let the world go by.

The honey-bees, and the bumble-bees,
The great, old, brindled, furry bees,
With the golden zone,
And the organ-drone,
They come and they go,
About and about the thrift-blooms,
The drifts of rosy snow.

The soft wind stirs the levels
Of the rosy, shimmering sea—
Brushing the small, dry flower-heads,
With a long-drawn hiss and rustle,
As if Earth sighed for gladness
That she and they may be!

The soft wind from the southward,
Above her leaning low—
You may hear him sob for very joy
As he sinks upon her bosom—
'Mid the drifts of rosy snow!

A. W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

British Anthologies.*—II.

MY criticism last week amounted to this: that in Professor Arber's "British Anthologies" we have one more example of "the big name without the big thing"; that with a title which ought to promise, if not to guarantee, authoritative treatment, and with an editor whose learning stands above question, we have a text disfigured by freaks of punctuation, and a collection which bears the stamp, not of authority, but merely of a mind which is a law to itself. No doubt, the right of asserting his own individuality to any extent has come to be considered the inalienable privilege of a Briton; and in a sense, therefore, the choice of the descriptive epithet "British" may be held to be justified. But it will hardly, I imagine, be commended by anyone with more than an insular conception of scholarship.

Reverence, discernment, fastidiousness, moderation, a sense of congruity, a high sense of perfection—these are qualities of scholarship, and as genuine as learning itself. But even where these are lacking, and scholarship is dragged at the chariot-tail of archæology, we do expect as some recompense for carelessness of taste a meticulous care in the matter of text. The assertion that "the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive" *may* be disputable: but if you dispute it, the least you can do as a part of your justification is to render the letter the practical tribute of scrupulous respect. And this tribute (I contend) is not rendered if you take the text of Shakespeare, for example, and spatter it over with notes of exclamation. Still less is it rendered if into the text, with no more diffidence than the use of brackets may be supposed to convey, you print conjectural emendations of your own.

I take an old favourite of mine, the Bridal song which opens *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, as affording some examples of the Professor's waywardness in handling his text. To begin with, he starts by assigning the song to Fletcher; and in this perhaps he is right (along with Messrs. Dowden, Furnivall, and others). But another view has been taken by some respectable critics; and in any case it is misleading to give the reference thus: "J. Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634," without mention of Shakespeare; whereas the title in the 1634 edition actually runs thus: "*The Two Noble Kinsmen.* Presented at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesties servants with great applause: written by the venerable worthies of their time { Mr. John Fletcher / Mr. William Shakspeare } Gent."

But if the Professor went to the 1634 text, he might at least have respected it in a passage where it is as obviously right as its copyists have been careless; seeing that their error has led them floundering into quite unnecessary conjectures. Here is the passage as the Professor gives it—

> Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
> Merry Spring-time's Harbinger,
> With her bells dim!

And thus, with a comma after "Ver," it has usually been printed. At once the wonder occurs how Fletcher (or Shakespeare) could have talked of the "bells" of a primrose. Mr. Linton suggested "with harebell slim," and Professor Skeat (whose wrath at "guess-work" is so frequently a sight for gods and men) would substitute "with hairbells dim." For a long while I had been convinced that if any alteration were needed in the text it should be one so modest as the substitution of a semicolon for the comma after "Ver." To me it seemed

* "British Anthologies." Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. IV. The Shakespeare Anthology. V. The Jonson Anthology. VI. The Milton Anthology. London: Henry Frowde.

clear that that "merry spring-time's harbinger with her bells dim" referred not to the primrose, but to a totally different flower—that is, to the snowdrop, for which a prettier and more accurate description is scarcely conceivable. I suggested this to the late Dr. Grosart, who promptly went off and consulted the 1634 text, and reported with glee that *the text actually gives the semi-colon.* Now, without being a purist in these matters, one may reasonably urge that when the original text yields sense, and the copyist's departure from it yields nonsense, the original text should be reverted to.

Stanza 3 (I quote from Dr. Herford's pretty little edition in Messrs. Dent's Temple Dramatists) opens thus—

> All dear Nature's children sweet
> Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet
> Blessing their sense!

—with the stage direction "strewing flowers." Professor Arber not only gives this stage direction ("strew flowers!") but works it into the text—

> All dear Nature's children sweet—
> Ly [strew] 'fore Bride and Bridegroom's feet;
> Blessing their sense.

—a conjecture which, in my humble opinion, merely mars the poetry. The verb "lie," too, is surely imperative. The flowers, "dear Nature's children," are bidden to lie before the feet of the happy pair; and the imperative is repeated in the concluding lines of the stanza—

> Not an angel of the air,
> Bird melodious or bird fair,
> Be absent hence!

—altered by the Professor to "*is* absent hence!" He may have the 1634 text to back him here. If not, the weakening of the imperative into a flat statement of fact is without excuse.

In the last stanza the Professor accepts Seward's conjecture of "chough hoar"—

> The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
> The boding raven, nor chough hoar. . . .

—which, though not musical, is plainly an improvement on the original "chough [or clough] hee"; nor has anyone to my knowledge hit on a more likely guess. But by this time our Editor's conservatism in dealing with his text has become hardly distinguishable from the licence used by ordinary men. And I respectfully ask why one who does not scruple to depart from the original (wisely or unwisely) when it suits him, or even to interject guesses of his own, should so pedantically cling at times to texts which are obviously corrupt and readings which suggest what the poet quite as obviously never intended?

> How should I your True Love know
> From another one?
> By his cockle hat and staff,
> And his *sendall* shoon.

The Editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare give "sandal shoon," which is without doubt the right dress for the Pilgrim lover. And Professor Arber in his Glossary explains "sendall shoon" as "sandalled shoes." But why does he, who elsewhere alters freely, print "sendall shoon," and compel the reader to employ a glossary to rid his mind of the suggestion that the pilgrim wore shoes of sendal—a most inadequate wear, not to say incongruous? It tempts one to add—

> Serve not these to identify?
> Yet perchance thou wilt
> Get some help from his made-up tie,
> Opera-hat, and kilt!

For an instance of Professor Arber's contentment with a text quite certainly corrupt, take his version of the famous old song "Love will find out the way." For this he has gone to "the original Broadside in the British Museum." No date is given, or (I suppose) known. The broadside may be the oldest version in existence; but if it be the "original," then I'm a German.

> You may esteem him a child, by his force;
> Or you may deem him a coward, which is worse:
> But if he whom *Love* doth honour, be concealed from the day,
> Set a thousand guards upon him; Love will find out the way!

Was ever a more palpable corruption? Can anyone with even a rudimentary sense of rhyme, or the smallest sense of what the poet is talking about, entertain a doubt that the lines originally ran in something like this fashion:

> But if *she* whom Love doth honour be concealed from the day,
> Set a thousand guards upon her—Love will find out the way!

The allusion to Danaë and other guarded heroines of fable cannot be missed. Nor can anyone doubt, again, the corruption of—

> Love hath power over Princes, and greatest Emperor,
> In any Province! Such is Love's power . . .

The simple emendation "Provinces" for "Province" stands open to no dispute at all.

I have occupied the reader with these petty criticisms because on the more important matter of the taste employed upon these Anthologies I believe that discussion would be wasted. An editor who includes (for instance) Randolph's lines, "On the fall of the Mitre Tavern in Cambridge," does not even begin to challenge the standard of taste set up by the late Mr. Palgrave. Much may be urged against the old "Golden Treasury," but it has done inestimable service. Mr. Palgrave had his whims, to be sure: but they were harmless ones. It is more to the point that he kept resolutely throughout his work to a high sense of beauty. By virtue of this he gave Englishmen what they needed—a touchstone of taste, a corrective for the fads and eccentricities of private judgment. And this standard we should not go back from, but retain and, if we can, improve.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

BISMARCK ON HIS CAREER AND POLICY.

BISMARCK: THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN, being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto Prince von Bismarck, written and dictated by himself after his retirement from office. Translated from the German under the supervision of A. J. Butler, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In two volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

IT is unfortunate for the fame of the most powerful statesman Continental Europe has seen since the fall of Napoleon that the account and explanation and defence of his political career which he has bequeathed to the world should have been published after another account of him by a gossiping journalist had already appeared. Dr. Busch's book, coming when curiosity with regard to the great man was still fresh, went so far to satisfy that curiosity that the great majority of readers—readers being in the main a class whose curiosity is transient and indolent—have not cared to procure and study a second book, which is by no means such light reading, nor one in which it is so easy to skip with impunity, as Busch's book was. Busch has, to be sure, his value. His reports of Bismarck's talk are always interesting and often amusing. He throws a good deal of light on the personal relations between the chief and those who served or thwarted him, though probably some of the light is deceptive. But the present book, which Bismarck himself dictated in his retirement, and which has been translated so well that it does not read like a translation, is of far higher interest and far greater permanent value. Though some merry jests are to be found here and there in it, it is in the main a solid and serious piece of work, a contribution to history which no writer of the future can afford to neglect. Its value lies in

three things. In the first place, it records a good many important facts which few besides Bismarck were in a position to know, or, at any rate, to know in their details. Secondly, it contains an exposition of the views and motives by which Bismarck as Ambassador and Minister was guided—an exposition which, if it does not substantially alter the impression which competent students in Germany had already formed of his policy, makes the grounds of that policy in many points clearer. And, thirdly, it bestows upon us a great deal of political wisdom in the reflections on politics with which it abounds, and in the discussions of the relations of the great European States to one another which occupy so large a part of the closing chapters.

There are few parallel instances in which a man of the first political magnitude has not only recorded his own doings, but recorded them with comments such as only a great practical genius could make. They are always clear, strong, telling, expressed with a force like that of his speeches, first in the Prussian and afterwards in the German Chamber. One feels the energy and self-confidence of the man through every line, and the phrases and illustrations are often singularly happy. The views expressed do not much differ from those which may be gathered from the conversations reported by Busch, but the grounds of the action which the Minister took are stated more fully and more cogently, and the tone is less acid and censorious, when other persons are dealt with, than in the pages of Busch, who seems to have had a gift either of inciting Bismarck to spitefulness or of giving a touch of sourness to everything which he recorded. In this book, though it was written in the bitterness natural to one deposed from power by the sovereign over whom he believed himself to have a complete influence, there is indeed much stringent criticism of antagonists or rivals, such as Queen Augusta, Prince Gortschakoff, Count Arnim, and Count Caprivi. But the criticism is seldom petty or acrimonious. If Bismarck was not magnanimous, still less generous, neither is there anything in this product of his years of disappointment to lower the impressions which the records of his public life convey.

There is very little—indeed much less than one would have liked—of a private or personal character in these memoirs. Nearly everything relates either to public affairs or to those personal traits of leading actors which affected public affairs. The earlier chapters are chiefly occupied with an account of the first important events in which Bismarck bore a part, viz. the rising in Germany of 1848, and the commotions which followed. He took a decided line in these troubles, which brought him into notice and marked him as a man of force and courage, but the events themselves have now very much less attraction for the English than for the German reader. For others than Germans the tale becomes more interesting when the struggle between the newly-appointed Minister and the Prussian Chamber begins in 1862, and it reaches a still wider significance when the Schleswig-Holstein question became acute in 1864. Bismarck regarded his management of this question and conduct of affairs up to and through the war of 1866 with Austria which it brought on, as the greatest achievement of his life. And anyone who recalls the position Prussia held in 1863, when the Congress of Princes met at Frankfort on the invitation of the Austrian Emperor, and compares it with that she had attained in the autumn of 1866, when Austria had been extruded from Germany and the North German Confederation formed, will rate Bismarck's policy among the masterpieces of modern statesmanship. The conclusion of peace with Austria, the outbreak of war with France, the negotiations that secured the creation of the new German Empire are all narrated in a terse and instructive way, though the narrative does not always command our full confidence, for the great man sometimes tends to disparage the share which others had in influencing the course of events. After the French War we re-enter a field which is rather German than European. The so-called "Kulturkampf" is discussed, and there is a great deal about the relations of the Chancellor to the various parties in the Reichstag, while several weighty chapters deal with the foreign policy of Germany from 1871 to 1890. The English reader may experience some disappointment in finding how small a part is allotted in these discussions to his own country. Bismarck looks on England as lying practically outside his calculations, partly because she makes no permanent alliances, partly because she is deemed to have no strong interest in taking any side for or against Russia, except so far as she may revert to the old policy, which Bismarck deems her to have been led by Mr. Gladstone to abandon, the policy of supporting the Sultan against the Czar. The Chancellor does not anywhere show that positive hatred of England with which he has been commonly credited. Now and then we perceive that he envies her wealth and admires her energy. But he dislikes her popular system of government, because it involves oscillations in policy and frequent changes of ministers; and he deems her—one need not say selfish, for, of course, all Powers are selfish—but self-contained, not open to any proposals for a permanent alliance. It is on Russia, Austria, France, and Italy that his eyes are fixed. France is assumed—not without reason—to be in a state of secular enmity to Germany, and indeed to have been the habitual disturber of the peace of Europe. Against her Germany must be always on the watch; with her no alliance is possible. Russia is formidable, but not necessarily hostile, so the great aim of German policy must be to keep on friendly terms with her. But Russia is an autocracy, and, however friendly a particular Czar may be, the accession of another may change her attitude; for where all depends on one man's inclinations, some small personal cause may induce a reversal of policy. Hence it becomes necessary for Germany to have some other ally, who can be useful should Russia become unfriendly. The obvious ally is Austria, nor is Italy to be altogether scorned, especially if France should seize the occasion of a quarrel between Russia and Germany to attack the latter. Thus we have the Triple Alliance, the various aspects of which are discussed with equal penetration and frankness. Of a positive and avowed alliance between France and Russia there is nothing in this book, which was probably completed before the Russian fleet's visit to Toulon in 1894 marked the beginning of the new *entente*. Bismarck takes much credit to himself for having seen in 1866 the wisdom of leaving Austria strong enough to be a valuable ally in the future. But he feels her weaknesses, and deems friendship with Russia to be the leading principle of German policy. There is much that is interesting regarding Russian statesmen, especially Schuvaloff, whom he liked, and Gortschakoff, whose assumptions of superiority he refused to submit to, and whose vanity he checked by volleys of unceremonious banter. Of Austrian and English statesmen we hear not much, very little about Disraeli, nothing about Lord Salisbury. The French are usually mentioned with contempt. The most curious and elaborate portraits are those of the Emperor William the First and his wife the Empress Augusta, described as the most restless and persistent of the Chancellor's antagonists. Some of the anecdotes of his contests with her, and the part played by the Emperor in them, are quite entertaining, and convey a lively idea of the drawbacks incident to a system of personal government.

Nothing is more remarkable through the book, nothing more characteristic of its author, than the uniformly cold, hard, practical tone of the narrative and the disquisition alike. There is not a tinge of sentiment in this long review of exciting events and remarkable personalities. Neither is there much of vanity, in the ordinary sense of the term. Bismarck writes as one who knows himself to be great, and who conceives that his talents and his services

entitle him to hold the first place in his country, and to be retained by every sovereign as the director of national policy. He never admits, in so many words, that he erred, though he implicitly recognises that his estimate of political forces was not quite correct—as, for instance, when he entered on the Kulturkampf. He maintains an air of haughty superiority to his contemporary rivals or antagonists, and there is no want of pride in the humility he professes towards his master the Emperor William. But he shows no exultation in small things, small tributes to his eminence, whether from that master or from the multitude. Thus there is a sort of self-contained dignity, if not magnanimity, through the book, though we must wait for the third volume, if, indeed, it ever appears, to see how he bore himself in describing his fall from power, and the ingratitude, as he deemed it, by which that fall came about.

THE VAUDOIS OF ITALY.

THE VALLEY OF LIGHT: STUDIES WITH PEN AND PENCIL IN THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT. By W. Basil Worsfold. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE periodical rediscovery of the Vaudois valleys is one of the most amusing phenomena of contemporary literature. Long before the makers of travel books went thither, the religious history of the region had attracted quite another class of tourists—a class whose interest was mainly in the Protestantism of the valleys, who were not much used to travel or to mountain scenery, and who were rather prone to exaggerate the hardships of living in one of the most smiling districts of the Alps. For them Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son—whose senior partner was, in his private capacity, an ardent Protestant, as visitors to Iona may have learnt—had provided "supplementary tickets connecting with our Italian tours," and the chief hotel at Torre de Luserna had placed over the door of its principal apartment the legend DINING ROOM. Mr. Worsfold, however, is not that kind of traveller at all. From one reference in his book we infer that his interest in the Vaudois is hereditary; at any rate, he is well acquainted both with the history of the valleys and with the efforts made by English sympathisers, during the past three-quarters of a century, to maintain their efforts at evangelising the Anti-Papal, but still un-Protestantised, Italian kingdom. He describes the valleys delightfully; he illustrates them by sketches which, though reproduced by some form of "process" that occasionally (to our eyes) mars their beauty of line, are a welcome relief from the perpetual kodak, which is the sole artist of many books of the kind; though he does not disdain the kodak either, on occasion. And he intersperses his book with reflections on the philosophy of æsthetics which may not be very deep, but are sound.

In two ways the book invites criticism. It is in the form of letters from an artistic but unpractical husband to his wife—an intensely practical and matter-of-fact lady, who is very much in London Society and rather contemptuous of her husband's enthusiasm. We do not much care for these conjugal episodes. Mr. Worsfold shows his power of depicting a character graphically with a very little expenditure of ink, but the thing depicted is not specially interesting. "Sibyl" is of another and less amusing order than the late Mr. William Black's Queen Tita. In short—except for the pleasure of seeing a *tour de force*—we had rather have had a straightforward narrative. And we are not sure that Mr. Worsfold takes into account some recent destructive criticism upon the traditional Vaudois history—criticism which, it is true, is scattered and recondite, but of which the results are summarised by a very well-known Alpinist in the most recent edition of Murray's "Handbook to the Alps." The primitiveness of Vaudois Protestantism is at least a little doubtful, and we should like to know—in face of the history of the discovery by a former librarian of Cambridge University of the oldest MS. of the great Vaudois poem in the University Library in 1862, and of the controversy that raged round its date thereafter—why "the most recent criticism" has thrust the poem back to the thirteenth century again, and who the critics in question are.

But still, even when criticism has done its worst, the residue is glorious. A small band of Pre-Reformation Protestants, dating perhaps from sub-Apostolic times, but certainly from the twelfth century, and once strong enough to exercise an unquestionable influence on the Hussite movement in Bohemia, has maintained itself in valleys by no means difficult of access against persecutions recurring during six hundred and fifty years. It has been banned, harried, massacred *à l'Arménienne*. Exiled *en masse*, a band of its brave men found their way back, expelled the Catholic colonists who had replaced them, defended a mountain stronghold throughout an Alpine winter against trained troops; driven out by cannon planted on a loftier height, they escaped through their besiegers to another stronghold, and then, through a shifting of political forces, they were allowed after all to remain—a privilege meanly withdrawn afterwards by their clement and Catholic king. Persecuted, exposed to the proselytising attacks of the Roman priesthood, deprived of all civil rights, they were aided from England, after their real rediscovery three-quarters of a century ago, through the self-sacrificing labours of Dr. Gilly and of Major-General Beckwith. To-day they survive as a kindly, hospitable, devout people, rather austere in their Swiss-French Protestantism, and exposed both to the seductions of Catholic ritual and to the revivalism of the Salvationists—a faithful remnant, and a centre of the evangelisation of Italy; but not, alas! a growing body in the country which they have watered with their blood.

Mr. Worsfold's book is not, of course, a continuous history, though there is a useful sketch of such a history in one letter; but he describes graphically the heroic defence made against the invading army of the Comte de la Trinité, and the enterprise and endurance which culminated in the Glorieuse Rentrée of 1686 and the defence of the Balsiglia—of which the details must be read once more in his stirring narrative. He does full justice to the kindliness and hospitality of the Vaudois people and pastors to the visitor to-day. He notes, too, that want of worldly enterprise which is a saddening characteristic of the people and an unfamiliar one in a Protestant community. And he tells us, and "Sibyl," of the intervention of Cromwell's envoy, Samuel Morland, after the massacre commemorated in Milton's sonnet, and its successful result. Indeed, one of the memorable facts in the history of the Vaudois is that their sufferings roused England to the adoption of an energetic foreign policy on behalf of an oppressed people, although the Alps and the plains of Italy are no more accessible to an English fleet than are the mountains which surround Armenia. But in the seventeenth century there were no Inter-Bourse securities, and the destiny of England was in the hands not of Lord Salisbury but of Oliver Cromwell.

THE DYNAMIC THEORY OF MIND.

THE HUMAN MACHINE. By J. F. Nisbet. London: Grant Richards.

IT is perhaps a pity that Mr. John Ferguson Nisbet's posthumous book has the following sub-title:—"An Inquiry into the Diversity of Human Faculty in its Bearings upon Social Life, Religion, Education, and Politics." For such a sub-title hardly prepares readers for the absence of priggishness, the lightness of touch, with which Mr. Nisbet was wont to illustrate the scientific and philosophical theories that he had studied so carefully. "The Human Machine" is really a long and brilliant monologue, a pouring

forth of the conclusions to which a singularly clear, manly, and well-informed mind had come in the last years of a strenuous and worthy career. Conclusions upon what points? Upon almost all physical, mental, and moral qualities—their origin, their history, and especially their "values." For Mr. Nisbet, deeply read as he was in the literature of half a dozen countries, wise and cultured as were his dramatic "criticisms," saw himself before all things as a justifier to unscientific man of the ways of science, or, let us say, of the reasoning of certain scientists.

In "The Insanity of Genius," a book more talked about than read by those pseudo-geniuses who sorely need to be confronted with its teachings, Mr. Nisbet affirmed that the soundest man is he who most nearly approaches the average, that exceptional ability of any kind does not denote "the superior animal," but indicates some disturbance of the healthy equilibrium of the brain and nervous system. In other words, he held that excessive talent always co-exists with some "thorn in the flesh," some mental trouble, or some peculiarity of conduct. And "The Insanity of Genius" contains the collection of evidence which Mr. Nisbet made, and indexed with his usual thoroughness of method, in support of his views. It is a terrible book—for neurotic persons who suspect themselves, quite unnecessarily, of suffering from the possession of unappreciated genius.

"The Human Machine" endeavours to "carry out to their logical extent, as regards society at large, the psycho-physiological principles indicated" in the earlier and more important work to which we have referred. The volume is full of brilliant and suggestive writing, and it is curious to notice how its author's absorption in the effort to produce a particular effect upon his readers reveals the fine character of the man for whom English journalism is mourning. Yet, if we have nothing but praise for the sections upon education and happiness, it is necessary to protest (slightly) against Mr. Nisbet's "views" about the proper sphere of woman, and (vigorously) against the "stone wall" materialism of his attitude towards prayer. "The Human Machine" is not a "book against religion," but perhaps it is rather dangerous reading for the fool who has said in his heart that there is no God. It is only fair to say, however, that Mr. Nisbet himself appears to have believed in an "unseen Power."

VICE-ADMIRAL LORD LYONS.

Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund, Lord Lyons. By Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

Edmund Lyons was born in 1790, and joined the *Maidstone* frigate in 1802 as a midshipman. The outbreak of war in May, 1803, found him on the *Active*, attached to the squadron of Richard Bickerton in the Mediterranean. The brunt of the duties of the blockade of Toulon fell upon the frigates, and no better school of seamanship can be imagined. When, on January 17th, 1805, Villeneuve put to sea for the first time, the *Active* and *Seahorse* hung upon the heels of the French fleet till separated by the gale, which drove back the latter much damaged to Toulon. On March 29th Villeneuve started on the cruise which led him to Trafalgar, and again the *Active* followed, but lost the French during the night. Well might Nelson complain of the want of frigates when two only could be spared for the vitally important service of observing Toulon. In 1807 the *Active* took part with Sir John Duckworth's squadron in the futile demonstration before Constantinople and the subsequent almost disastrous retreat through the Dardanelles. In 1810 Lyons, as a lieutenant of the *Barracouta*, distinguished himself in the attack of Banda Mina. In July, 1811, with two boats of the *Minden*, he captured Fort Marrack, on the Javan coast. This was one of the most gallant feats in our naval history, and it was conceived and carried out in disobedience of positive orders by a young officer not yet twenty-one. It was, however, no hare-brained enterprise, and Lyons, in attacking a strong fort defended by 180 men and the crews of two gunboats, with a landing party numbering only thirty-five, seems to have carefully weighed the chances. "I beg to assure you, sir," he wrote to his captain, in a letter which failed to arrive, "Mr. Langton (a midshipman) and myself have succeeded in inspiring the men with that confidence necessary for the undertaking, and have no doubt of success." The disobedience was forgiven, and although the First Lord of the Admiralty wrote that "the Board cannot with propriety promote Lieutenant Lyons on this occasion," he received commander's rank in the following year, and became a post-captain in 1814, before reaching the age of twenty-four. The reductions following upon the peace kept Lyons unemployed for more than thirteen years, and not till January, 1828, did he obtain his first command—the 46-gun frigate *Blonde*, then fitting out for the Mediterranean. In the following year he obtained permission to make a winter cruise in the Black Sea, visiting all the Russian ports, and especially Sebastopol, which he was surprised to find "one of the finest harbours in the world." The season was at its worst, and both charts and pilots were wholly untrustworthy; but the *Blonde* escaped all injury owing to the excellent seamanship of her captain, and the experience gained in these waters was afterwards invaluable. After commanding the *Madagascar*, mainly in Greek waters, for nearly four years, Captain Lyons, in 1835, entered as Minister at Athens upon a diplomatic career of eighteen years. Captain Eardley-Wilmot does not succeed in investing this part of his biography with the interest which it might have possessed. We gain little insight into the views of the Minister in regard to the situation in Greece during the incapable rule of King Otho, and the only despatch of importance here published is one from Lord Palmerston dealing with the question of Crete. The Foreign Secretary wrote that, while in 1830 he was "strongly" in favour of giving the island to Greece, disappointment at the course of events had caused him to change his views. It would now (in 1840)

> be no benefit, but, on the contrary, an injury to the inhabitants of Candia to transfer them from the dominion of the Porte. . . . While that position is in the hands of the Sultan, the British Government know pretty well what use will be made of it; but if that position were placed in the hands of the Government of Greece, it might not be so easy to say what use might be made of it.

In 1849 Sir E. Lyons was transferred to Berne and later to Stockholm. The biography does not enable us to judge his merits as a diplomatist; but it is clear that his fine character and personal charm won him many warm friends in Greece, although the task of guiding the impracticable King Otho into the paths of constitutional government proved beyond his powers. In November, 1853, when the Eastern Question was reaching an acute stage, he hoisted his flag on board the *Terrible*, on appointment as second in command of the Mediterranean fleet. This arrangement was not a happy one, and incompatibility of temperament between Lyons and his infinitely less capable and less energetic superior necessarily led to frequent differences of opinion; but Captain Eardley-Wilmot states that, after perusing much correspondence, he finds no unkindly expressions on the part of the rear-admiral towards his chief. That they were often out of accord was, however, understood throughout the fleet, and the measure of the rift was doubtless exaggerated. Some of the letters from Sir James Graham during this period are extremely interesting. Thus the First Lord of the Admiralty wrote on December 24th:—

> The attack on Sinope has produced an immense impression on the public mind, both in France and England. . . . I have been one of the most strenuous advocates of peace with Russia

until the last moment; but the Sinope attack and recent events have entirely changed the aspect of affairs.

The attack on Sinope was a perfectly legitimate act of war, and by sending the Turkish frigate squadron into so exposed a position disaster was courted. Was any attempt made by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to warn the Sultan? Later, when the all-powerful Ambassador was anxious that the combined fleets should enter the Black Sea, Lyons counselled caution, and foretold that, as the result, the Czar

would burn with desire to avenge so heavy a blow to his prestige, and become desperate. . . . I am supposing, what I hope and believe to be the case, that a peaceful solution of this question is what our Government desires. Let us, then, avoid all causes of irritation and provocation as far as possible, and then, if war is forced upon us, we can go at it with a clear conscience and dry powder.

War having at length been declared, both Sir J. Graham and Sir E. Lyons were strongly in favour of attacking Sebastopol. On July 2nd the former wrote:—

My fixed purpose, from which I have never swerved, is the capture of Sebastopol and the destruction of the enemy's fleet.

The latter, at about the same time, wrote:—

Since the decision we came to at the conference yesterday everything appears *couleur de rose* to me. . . We have, to be sure, but scanty information as to the force of the enemy; but what we do know is that we have twenty-five sail-of-the-line and 70,000 troops.

Both apparently believed that the place could be taken by a *coup de main*; but Captain Eardley-Wilmot finds no confirmation of the late Sir E. Hamley's belief that Lyons pressed an attack of the north side upon Lord Raglan. He mentions, however, the fact that Captain Drummond, who proceeded to Sebastopol in the *Resolute* before the outbreak of war, reported his opinion that, if the Star Fort was taken, "the place would fall immediately." For recommending Balaclava as the base of the British army Sir E. Lyons has been blamed; but he doubtless viewed the question solely from the naval standpoint. None of the commanders realised at this time that a protracted siege lay before them. While the biography throws little fresh light on the vexed questions of the Crimean War, it brings into well-deserved prominence the vitally important part played by the Navy, which has been far too little recognised. The Navy made the expedition possible, relieved the military authorities from the difficult task of embarking and disembarking troops, co-operated gallantly in the first bombardment with a loss of 350 killed and wounded, supplied and manned an invaluable siege train of its own, and rendered to the Army innumerable services frequently involving heavy labour of the most uninspiring nature. Of all this work Sir E. Lyons was the directing head, untiring and unsparing of effort in the interests of the sister service. There has never been a campaign in which the direct assistance of the Navy has been of such supreme importance to the Army, and never has the co-operation of the naval and military commanders been more complete. This was largely due to Lyons. Fate denied to him the distinction of leading a British fleet to victory. More than thirty years of his life were passed on half-pay or in civil employ; but when, at the age of sixty-three, a great opportunity came, he was able, like Duncan, to turn it to the best account. If he lacked the insight of Nelson, he possessed many of the qualities of a great naval commander. Like Nelson, he was exceedingly tenacious of his own rights, and always ready to defend those of his subordinates, whose confidence and affection he therefore secured. Captain Eardley Wilmot's book is a worthy tribute to a notable career, and at the same time a valuable record of the great services rendered by the Navy during the Crimean campaign—services too generally forgotten by military historians.

AN OVER-DISMAL SCIENCE.

ECONOMICS. By Edward Thomas Devine, Ph.D., General Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society of New York, etc. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LIKE contemporary American economists generally, Dr. Devine may be classed as on the whole a follower of the "orthodox" English school of political economy. Various modifications are introduced, but fundamentally he holds to the principles laid down by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, and J. S. Mill. On one modification we cannot congratulate him. Whatever may have been the meaning of the founders of English political economy, we had come to understand that what seems objectionable in some of their teaching is defensible by regarding political economy as an "abstract" science, or science of "tendencies." The same position being put in another way, we have been told to regard it as dealing with relations between individuals conceived as "economic men." And the "economic man," it has usually been added, is an "abstraction." Dr. Devine's account of the matter is somewhat different. The "economic man" he regards not as an abstraction but as the norm. That we do not exaggerate may be shown by his own words at the end of the first chapter: "It has already become obvious that the economic man is not a mere abstraction and that he is not a rare exception. He is not only a human being; he is the normal human being of ordinary human life. To an increasing extent we are all becoming economic men."

A melancholy fact, we should say, if true, and quite a sufficient ground for Carlyle's denunciation of political economy as "the dismal science." And no doubt it tends to be true in an almost exclusively industrial society. This is the kind of society which an exaggerated "anti-Imperialism" would produce in England. America is to be congratulated on her approaching escape from it in spite of "triumphant plutocracy." So that, after all, human intelligence may not in the end be turned wholly towards industrial enterprise, as Dr. Devine seems to anticipate (pp. 363–4). In former ages, he says, there was no lack of intelligence. The "obstacles to social progress" consisted in its diversion—under some temporary necessity, as he admits—from industrial aims. "War, religion, and art and passion have claimed the highest energies of man"; the desire for wealth being, presumably, not a "passion," but, let us say, an expression of pure practical reason.

Fortunately, however, it is as true of the higher as of the lower nature that, if expelled, it returns. We find Dr. Devine himself saying elsewhere that "it is impossible to form any just idea of the facts of man's economic life until we recognise clearly that this economic life is only a fragment of his complete existence. As a result of physical and spiritual forces, operating through many ages, man has become a creature with given instincts, desires, and capacities. Before we can understand what would happen under given economic conditions, we must consider the nature of man as a whole," etc. This marks a higher degree of insight than Mr. Goschen showed once in an address when he spoke of "the ethical man" as a sort of new-fangled "abstraction" coming in to displace the "economic man," whom he went on to regret as the ideal of his youth, now being driven out by this flabby "ethical" sentimentalist. In his youth, Mr. Goschen remarked, it would have been considered too audacious, even for the boldest thinkers, to dissent from Mill's "Political Economy." This remark prompted the thought that Mr. Goschen might once have had some familiarity with Mill's "Political Economy," but that if he had ever read Mill's discussion, in the "Logic," of the method of political economy as an abstract science, he had certainly never understood it. Such a confusion, in the mind of an able man of business, between the ideal of the whole man and an abstraction of a special class of his desires, seems to indicate that there was a good deal of justification for

Ruskin's criticisms of the spirit which political economy, as usually understood, tends to produce in its votaries. With the "economic man" taken as the norm, and even as the ideal, of human nature, it is not a very moralising, any more than it is a very cheerful, science.

If, however, Dr. Devine makes an industrial society too much an end in itself, he has good suggestions for social reform from this point of view. Even the merest industrial efficiency, as he sees, is not promoted by child labour. "One of the surest indications of satisfactory progress is the absence of too heavy physical labour by women and children. The invention of machinery, while it is in itself a blessing, has sometimes proved almost a curse by increasing the opportunities for child labour. . . . Laws prohibiting child labour and requiring attendance at school or other suitable provision for youthful training are therefore in the interests of progress." And in the very last sentence of the book he insists that, for society to maintain a proper industrial position, "there must exist a high standard of living and a series of social institutions which prevent an undue pressure of population, and secure adequate hours of recreation and the maintenance of a high type of family and social life."

FICTION.

ONE POOR SCRUPLE. A Seven Weeks' Story. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES. By H. G. Wells. London: Harper & Brothers.

AN EXILED SCOT. By H. A. Bryden. London: Chatto & Windus.

WITH the publication of "One Poor Scruple" Mrs. Wilfrid Ward makes, we believe, her *début* as a novelist. If this be indeed the case, the congratulations due to so strong and striking a piece of literary workmanship must receive additional emphasis, for the book shows a degree of merit unusual in such circumstances. Faults of construction, and a tendency to over-elaboration of detail, are errors inevitable in a first novel, and they are not entirely lacking in the present instance; but the high intellectual qualities, the literary finish, and the subtle analysis of character which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward displays in "One Poor Scruple" render the story one of special attractiveness and quite exceptional interest. From the beginning it is obvious that the author is well inside her subject, and her handling of complex emotions and difficult situations is always managed with grace and dexterity. The special atmosphere of the book—that of a refined and earnest Catholicism warring with more worldly elements—is conveyed with particularly good effect, and Mrs. Ward's intimate knowledge of Roman Catholic circles in English upper-class life has given an air of *vraisemblance* to her story which is fresh and delightful to the reader. The stately home at Skipton-le-Grange, with old-world piety and devout ceremonial pervading every fibre of the family life, its rather rigid code of manners and morals, its genuine devotion to high principles, and its beautiful sense of kinship—all this is painted for us by Mrs. Ward in colours both vivid and enduring. The whole plot of "One Poor Scruple" hinges upon a question of dogma, affecting the various personages of the story in various ways. Shall Madge Riversdale, the widowed daughter-in-law of the unflinchingly Catholic family at Skipton-le-Grange, marry Lord Bellasis, a divorced man, and so forfeit, in the eyes of all her family, her very soul? Madge herself, shallow butterfly as she seems on the surface, is in reality tortured with doubt as to her decision, for the deepest emotion of which she is capable is not love but a half-superstitious terror, and she believes that her intended union with a divorcee, innocent as he is, will inevitably consign her soul to perdition. Many chords of emotion are played upon, both in Madge's nature and in that of a far more interesting woman; for Cecilia Rupert, a beautiful and fascinating girl, who is totally free from scruples of any kind, loves Lord Bellasis, and would stoop to any deception in order to divert his affections from Madge to herself. In the end, the "one poor scruple," which is Madge's sheet-anchor to religion, holds her back from the sacrilegious marriage she has contemplated. She is saved; but Cecilia, reckless and desperate, has hastily committed suicide on hearing the engagement announced. The story thus ends in tragic fashion, and leaves the reader half-resentful at the cruel fate allotted to the most interesting figure in it. But, sad as it is, "One Poor Scruple" is undoubtedly a fine and subtle piece of analysis.

We wish that Mr. Wells, who undoubtedly has gifts of an uncommon kind, would devote himself to the writing of stories based upon something less remote than the possibilities of human existence some centuries hence. A single attempt to paint the life of the world in days to come may be justified by its ingenuity; but even ingenuity cannot relieve a series of tales of this description from the fatal defect of tediousness. The hero of "When the Sleeper Wakes" is a gentleman, who having fallen into a mysterious trance in the closing years of the nineteenth century, is not aroused from it until two centuries have passed away. When he awakes he finds that, through the increase at compound interest of his fortune, he has become the owner of nearly half the world; and as the worship of wealth seems to have been growing even more rapidly than the wealth itself whilst he slept, he has become not only the richest person in the world but the most powerful and the most exalted. He is, in short, "the Master" in whose name a corrupt council of trustees conduct the affairs of the civilised earth. Nobody will be surprised to learn that the trustees, who have been governing in his name for two hundred years, are by no means pleased at his awakening from his slumbers. Moreover, his awakening takes place at a critical moment in the history of the world. The vast mass of workers, stirred to revolt by the tyranny of the sleeper's trustees, are just rising against them when the sleeper himself returns to life. The unfortunate man finds himself accordingly plunged into a desperate struggle in which labour and wealth are ranged on opposite sides. We need not follow the course of the sanguinary conflict, which, indeed, ends in a somewhat indefinite manner. The reader will feel more interest in the author's description of London as it may be a couple of centuries hence than in the rights and wrongs of the social war. Mr. Wells has certainly not minimised the changes which two centuries may bring about in the conditions of life upon the globe. Telephones and phonographs, and inventions still more marvellous, are pressed into the service of mankind. We see aërial navies grappling in the heavens, and we note that messengers can traverse the world between sunrise and sunset. Nothing is easier than to indulge in imaginative flights of this kind; and we are bound to say that Mr. Wells, in his latest romance, never soars above the commonplace. The world will, no doubt, see a great many changes in the course of two hundred years; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that they will be the kind of changes that are depicted here.

Though "An Exiled Scot" is, perhaps, too ambitious in its design and scope, it must be pronounced an excellent story, almost too full, if that be possible, of the good things that are dear to the heart of the lover of romance. It ranges all the way from Scotland to South Africa. It shows us Prince Charles and his faithful adherent, Ranald Cameron, in hiding after the Battle of Culloden; and it gives us as vivid a picture of the discovery of fabulous wealth in a cave in South Africa as any drawn by Mr. Rider Haggard himself. It will be seen that the story possesses a varied interest. If one chapter deals with the sufferings of the followers of the Young

Pretender after 1745, and another shows what sea-travel was like in the middle of the last century, a third depicts for us Cape Colony as it was in the times of the Dutch, or the habits of the Bosjesman when that ill-fated race was still extant. The tale is told in a simple and straightforward style which has nothing remarkable about it, but the very plainness of the narrative and its matter-of-fact form help to heighten the illusion, and to give an air of truth to Ranald Cameron's adventures. That the adventures are in themselves remarkable we have already hinted. They include many things besides his flight as a proscribed Jacobite, and his discovery, with the assistance of a wonderful Kaffir, of a cave paved with diamonds. But they are all told in a simple and realistic way which aids the reader in the process of digesting them. "An Exiled Scot," if it is not a brilliant book, has some substantial merits of its own, like some of those Scotch dishes which, lacking the subtleties of southern cookery, are nevertheless well loved in their native land.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

THE burning questions of the day are burning rather low just at present, especially in the great reviews. *The Nineteenth Century* contains much that is interesting, but little that is very notable. Perhaps we should except Dr. Jessopp's mournful account of the drain of population from the villages—although the remedies he suggests seem almost too facile to be real. Let education last longer; make the villages better to live in; make life in them interesting, and direct to that purpose only a little of the wealth lavished on town slums; and the drain will be stopped. Thus Dr. Jessopp; but have economic causes nothing to do with the drain? Writing on Parnell's career, Mr. Leonard Courtney hopes that a repetition of the conflict between Ireland and England, either in the same or in another form, will be precluded by an assimilation in feeling of the democratic masses of the two islands—an assimilation for which the reform in Irish local government is preparing the way. Irish antipathy "has now been changed to apathy," which will be converted into sympathy by a manifestation of sympathy in England—which must involve the recognition of the fact that the Irish democracy is Catholic. In other words, give the Irish democracy a Catholic University for the use of the Irish middle classes, and they will cool towards Home Rule. It would take too long to comment on this curious misapprehension of Irish aims; we shall only remark that the non-Catholic democracy of America has never yet "frankly recognised" Catholic claims, and we do not believe the English democracy will. Dr. Arabella Kenealy's reply to Mrs. Chant makes some good points—for example, that the need for absolute rest is too often overlooked, and that the athletic girl is developing her "voluntary" muscle at the expense of the involuntary muscles which control the respiratory and digestive systems, and altering physically from womanhood to childhood; but still it fails to convince. Dr. Llewellyn Davies tells us that the English Church is essentially "Erastian" in the proper sense of the term—that is, its discipline is in lay and not ecclesiastical hands, and that the mass of its members had rather it were so; and Mr. Deane points out that the clergy are falling off in numbers, because men cannot afford to live on their stipends, and are more conscientious about taking orders than formerly; and in quality, because they have no time to read. Of the rest, we can note only Mr. Henniker Heaton's plea for an Imperial telegraph system; an interesting account of Jainism to-day in India; and some notes from Washington, partly political and partly social, of which the most remarkable parts are a laudatory reference to Mr. Alger and a prediction that the Democrats will run Bryan and Oliver Perry Belmont for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency next year. Will Mr. Belmont really care to become such a cipher as an American Vice-President is?

To *The Contemporary Review* Principal Fairbairn contributes a set of vivid impressions of his recent visit to the great religious centres of India. His article enables the reader to realise both the amazing diversity of usages and worships contained within Hinduism and the ferment of old and new influences at present working on the Indian world. He shows us alike a naturalism comparable to that of early Greece and a revived Paganism which suggests the later Roman period: he tells us that in Bombay Christianity has given all the other religions a new impulse and spirit, and he exhibits to us the pure and lofty asceticism which exists at Benares side by side with a coarseness and irreverence of ritual recalling, but far more repulsive than, the meanest forms of the Romanism of Southern Europe. And his interpretation of Mohammedanism from its ruined cities is not the least impressive part of a very impressive study, which should instruct alike the missionary enthusiast and the professed sociologist. Mr. Robert Wallace's attack on "The Seamy Side of Imperialism" makes some good points—as when he asks whether Japan would have been better off had we annexed it—and says some things that are incontestable, *e.g.* that expansion drains the country of energy and of money that are needed for domestic reform. But he is effectively, if indirectly, answered a few pages later by the well-known American writer, Mr. Albion W. Tourgée. This latter, referring to Napoleon's prediction that Europe would become all Cossack or all Republican, says that the great Continental Powers are "Cossack," *i.e.* militarist and despotic in tendency; and they wish to divide the democratic remnant of Europe between them, and to appropriate the unappropriated remainder of the world. England and America are democratic and individualist; their alliance and expansion are an assertion of the democratic as against the despotic ideal of government. Mr. Wallace, in short, will find, if he reads Mr. Tourgée's article, that he has overlooked the fact that, if we do not expand, foreign nations will; and they have shown no fitness for the process. Mrs. Darmesteter tells us that the Dreyfus affair, *inter alia*, has altered the character of French novels—they are all purposive and sociological, even those that exhibit no purpose. Mr. Brett, A.R.A., vindicates realism in painting as drawing upon the only abiding sources of satisfaction, and hints that, if we only cultivated our sight and did not resort to glasses, there would be no impressionism. Mr. A. J. Wilson, pessimist as usual, points out that all our financial machinery rests on debt—the National Debt—and that much of our wealth is paper wealth, based on credit which is itself based on inflated mining shares and the like. At present, we are behaving like the Millwall Docks Company—using up our solid wealth, and trusting to an increase of values, present or prospective, to replace it: living, in short, on capital. Of the lighter articles we must refer to Mr. Phil Robinson's "The Garden Revisited"—a delightful demonstration of the truth that the fauna of a garden may be quite as interesting as its flora.

The Fortnightly Review contains at least four articles which are worth careful study and preservation. There is an account of a Russian plan for connecting the Dwina and the Dnieper—in other words, the Baltic and the Black Seas—by a ship canal, which would traverse an economically advanced section of the empire, and open up new outlets for its commerce. The writer lays rather too much stress on the strategic importance of the waterway, and too little on the engineering difficulties, both in making the canal and in sending battleships through it or down the rivers. The distance of the whole is given at 994 miles, the cost at about £20,000,000 sterling; but one cannot help suspecting both estimates. Another valuable, but also slightly belated, article is by Mr. J. G. Butcher, M.P.

—a careful review of the Declaration of Paris, its history and effects, leading to the conclusion that England cannot possibly withdraw from it—a conclusion which the course of the Peace Conference tends to make superfluous. A good history, by Mr. Joseph Ackland, of British financial policy for the past twenty-five years—*i.e.* ever since the electorate rejected Mr. Gladstone's offer to abolish the income tax, and so stereotyped it in our system of taxation—is extremely damaging, as might be expected, to Conservative finance, whether exhibited in the drafts on the future drawn by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach or in the intricate ingenuities of Mr. Goschen. Mr. Macnamara once more deals with the weak places in English primary education—the high rate of absence, about 18½ per cent., which shows little tendency to decline; the early age of leaving school; the low rate of expenditure, and the consequent understaffing and underpayment of the staff; and the inevitable result to secondary education and British commerce, while Mr. Gibbins assures us that our plans for the latter are disregarding scholastic experience, and are therefore futile. Mr. Lowry Whittle's "Egypt After Omdurman" brings out, of course, the economic and judicial reforms effected by British rule, and suggests that British influence should be made more prominent by a formal convention with the Khedive. "Uitlander," dating from the Rand on May 1st, gives us a very temperate and forcible statement of the grievances of his class, and throws some light on the composition of the body of signatories to the counter-petition. We may also refer to Mr. Andrew Lang's severe criticism of Mr. Frazer's interpretation of Totemism—which, Mr. Lang thinks, is wrong both in attributing "primitiveness" to the Australian aborigines, whose usages have given Mr. Frazer his clue, and in imputing to them a degree of conscious arrangement which is quite out of the question; and, among lighter articles, to Mr. Ellis's commemoration of the tercentenary of Velasquez and Mr. H. C. Shelley's of the centenary of Thomas Hood.

The National Review must wait till next week.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's "*Punch* Notes" are the most attractive feature of the June *Pall Mall Magazine*. It was during his first term at Cambridge, Mr. Burnand tells us, that he became a contributor to *Punch*. His early contributions, however, were not literary; they were pictorial suggestions in pen-and-ink which were afterwards carried out by Leech and Tenniel. Mr. Burnand's first literary contribution to *Punch* was "Mokeanna," a burlesque of a story in the *London Journal* style. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes gives brief sketches of some representative Anti-Dreyfusards; Mr. Clark Russell's story of the ship is concluded; and Mr. Francis H. Skrine writes of Baku and its oil springs. There are stories by Messrs. H. G. Wells and H. B. Marriott-Watson. Mr. G. S. Street supplies the *causerie*.—"The Romance of a Diver's Life" is the subject of an interesting article in *The English Illustrated Magazine*. So perfectly equipped is the modern diver that he can perform under water anything he could do on the surface. The writer describes some wonderful feats in the way of submarine treasure finding, as well as some of the less romantic but more useful work which is constantly being done by divers in the making of piers and harbours. "Lady Barbarity," by Mr. J. C. Snaith, is continued, and stories are contributed by Messrs. Carlton Dawe, W. Pett Ridge, and others.

Cassell's Magazine is good this month. One of its best articles deals with Sardou and his work. The writer, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, tells the romantic story of the dramatist's marriage. In 1854 Sardou was in low water: his play, the *Taverne des Étudiants*, had been damned, and he was laid low in his garret by an attack of typhoid. In the same house was living a certain pretty Mdlle. de Brécourt, who, hearing of the dramatist's pitiable condition, went to his garret and installed herself at his bedside as his nurse. Sardou was soon in health again, and in a short time Mdlle. de Brécourt became his wife. She it was who, by bringing her husband under the notice of the great actress Dejazet, placed in his hands the means of fortune. Mr. John M. Bacon's account of a balloon ascent is illustrated with photographs taken by the author from the car of a balloon. A new serial, by Mr. Guy Boothby, begins in this number, and there are also contributions from Messrs. Julian Ralph, B. Fletcher Robinson, Frank Banfield, Louis Becke, and Walter Jeffery.—In *The Girl's Realm*, Miss E. M. Symonds gives a picture of school-girl life a hundred years ago; Miss Margaret Meadows writes of silhouettes and some silhouettists, and Miss Evelyn Everett-Green tells the true story of a girl-heroine, Eva Von Gross. Dr. Garnett's article, "In Praise of Cats," is illustrated by Mr. Louis Wain. There are serials by Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey and Mrs. L. T. Meade.—Mr. Max Pemberton's serial, "Féo," is continued in *The Woman at Home*, and there is a short story by Miss Mabel Quiller-Couch. Miss Sarah Tooley gives an account of an interview with Miss Maud Earl, the dog's portrait painter. Miss Frances H. Low, in the last of her useful articles on employments for educated women, recommends dispensing as a lucrative means of earning a living, and describes the training which is necessary for those who take up this profession.—In *The Lady's Realm*, Miss Annesley Kenealy gives a description of life at the Lady Warwick Hostel, where a training in horticulture is offered to women. Biographical sketches of the ladies who have held the office of Mistress of the Robes under Queen Victoria are contributed by the Hon. Mrs. Armytage. An article on society in Berlin is interesting. Mrs. Hugh Fraser contributes an instalment of her serial "The Splendid Porsenna."

"Parson Kelly," the serial by Messrs. A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang, and Mr. Rider Haggard's "Farmer's Year" are the chief features of *Longman's Magazine*, but Mr. Julian Corbett's "Firearms and Armour" will be read with interest. "The real explanation," says Mr. Corbett, "of the disappearance of armour is, firstly, that with the development of military science, light cavalry proved itself more serviceable than heavier cavalry; and, secondly, that light cavalry in their origin were mounted musketeers, and were therefore unarmed." In "At the Sign of the Ship" Mr. Andrew Lang discourses of, amongst other subjects, the troubles of an historian.—In *Temple Bar*, Mr. Egerton Castle's serial, "Young April," is continued, and a new story by Miss F. M. Peard begins. An anonymous writer tells some stories of female gamblers and card-players of the eighteenth century, which bear out the statement that the passion for gambling was as common among women as among men. Lady Elizabeth Stuart, for example, at the age of eighty-two lost £450 in one night at cards, and in 1766 a lady lost 3,000 guineas at a sitting. Mr. Frederick Dixon contributes a description of the battle of Landen; an article on the Knights of St. John must also be mentioned.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTINCT.

Instinct and Reason: An Essay concerning the Relation of Instinct to Reason, with some Special Study of the Nature of Religion. By Henry Rutgers Marshall, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The writing of this book was undertaken, we are told, because the author wished to present a particular conception of religion—that, viz., which regards religion as an instinct of man. Thus the author considers the conflict of reason and religion to be a conflict of reason with instinct. Reasoning, no doubt, may be to some extent instinctive, but it is that part or aspect of the instinctive aptitudes which the individual in his single lifetime can appreciably develop and improve. Consequently, in proportion as he finds his reasoning power develop, so does he come to despise the instinctive faculties which do not correspondingly develop. It is human to magnify the relative importance of what results from one's personal efforts; and

instinct, and with it the instinctive religious tendency, fall into unmerited neglect through the glorification of reason. The author is of opinion that "the function of the religious instinct in the highly-developed life of man is the subordination of the individual variant principle, which appears in its latest elaboration in reason to the racial principle, which in its latest elaboration gives us the ethical instincts," and that "the suppression of our will to a higher will may be expressed in psychological terms as the restraint of individualistic impulses to racial ones; that such restraint has an effect upon the moral character being, of course, granted." Under the heading of "The Balance between Reason and the Religious Instinct" the author gives the "application" of his doctrine: "We should be willing," he says, "to act in accord with reason in opposition to even this highest of all instincts, if reason's demands still appear to us to be effective, after reverent and full consideration of the dictates of this noblest instinctive racial force," but "we should avoid with the greatest care the guidance of others in paths which we acknowledge are filled with dangers, although with these dangers we believe ourselves prepared to cope; for they whose insight differs from ours may all too easily fall by the way, because they lose the guidance to which they have been accustomed to trust, and fail to gain any substitute for what is lost."

There is a good deal, here and there, in the book which is worth attentive reading, but it is rather weary work to find it. The book, in fact, is much too long.

THE LIFE OF MR. TOMMY ATKINS.

THE QUEEN'S SERVICE. By Horace Wyndham. London: William Heinemann.

THE experiences of a young gentleman who enlists in an Infantry regiment, and then sets himself resolutely to do his duty in the stations of life ("at home" and abroad) to which he has for a time committed himself, must, if truthfully and modestly written out, make a human document of no little interest and utility. Mr. Wyndham's book has, in a high degree, the qualities of truthfulness and modesty; the author makes it his business to tell an unvarnished tale, to put life itself upon the page; and we may safely say that the result of his endeavour is a narrative which can be neglected by no judicious writer upon the subject of life in the British army during recent years. There is hardly a chapter of "The Queen's Service" which does not deserve the attention of all those who can do anything to benefit the private soldier. And the book should be specially commended to such squires and clergymen as take a fatherly interest in young men who "cannot settle to anything at home," for it will quickly show a civilian reader what temptations and advantages "life in the ranks" offers to particular types of men. No Englishman will lay down "The Queen's Service" without feeling that the volume contains many pleasant proofs that his race knows how to serve as well as how to rule; and the work will be found to be a homely storehouse of information about privates and non-commissioned officers.

A PRIMER OF DESIGN.

DECORATIVE DESIGNS OF ALL AGES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Edited by Paul N. Hasluck. Illustrated. London: Cassell & Co.

IT is quite a sign of the times that a neatly-bound and well-indexed manual of decorative designs should be obtainable at the price of a single number of a magazine. More than two hundred and seventy illustrations are to be found in the handbook which Mr. Hasluck has edited. The letterpress is not a mere commentary upon the figures, but gives a readable account of the history of ornament, beginning with a notice of the art of savages, and ending with a chapter about Japanese ornament. "In order to judge of the true Japanese genius it is necessary to go back to the older work," is one of the excellent *obiter dicta* of the little book now before us. Give this handbook to any intelligent lad who has a taste for sketching or wood-carving, and you will soon see whether he has in him "the making of" a designer.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"OUR LADY OF THE GREEN" is a book on golf as a pastime for ladies written by a group of fair experts. One of them states that amongst the reasons why women play golf are a desire to be in the fashion, idleness, pot-hunting, or, in plain English, the desire to secure prizes, and last—on principle, we suppose, that a remnant should be saved—a real and innate love of sport. The fair enthusiasts who cannot play are in the majority, and they affect the game simply because they want to be in the swim. "Far be it from me," says Miss Mackearn, "to undervalue this remarkable enthusiasm; for if it were not for the burning desire of my admirable sex to be in the fashion, it would be financially impossible to keep our golf clubs going. Quite fifty per cent. of the members support our club only because it is the correct thing to do." However, the lady makes it plain that golfers of this kind contrive to look picturesque with the help of fashionable tailors, and are not to be altogether despised since they do comparatively little harm and pay their subscriptions. Much more exasperating are the dawdlers—those who take up golf one day and throw it down the next because they are creatures of impulse, and are apt to fly off at a tangent through sheer caprice. The mischief is some of these idlers have it in them to make splendid players; but if they promise to play in a match they will throw over the captain without mercy, to say nothing of the honour of the club, if in the interval they receive a more attractive invitation. There is a good deal of sense in the demand that women's clubs should limit their prize-giving to two meetings a year, spring and autumn, and so check the pot-hunting propensity which threatens to ruin the game. After all, there are women who play golf, we are assured, from a real love of sport; and some of them play it uncommonly well, as these pages show, even if the ladies' championship competitions from 1893–8 did not tell their own tale. Many pages of this interesting book are filled with descriptions of the Ladies' Golf Union, inter-club matches, open meetings, and the like; whilst the final pages contain a list of golf-clubs, and set forth in detail the characteristics of the links attached to them.

It is difficult to believe that it was only last September that the whole civilised world was startled by tidings of one of the most atrocious crimes of the century—the assassination at Geneva of the beautiful and cultured Empress of Austria. Probably the full story of the consort of Francis Joseph will never be told, though it is desirable that in due time it should, in the light of rhetorical exaggerated statements like those which abound in the anonymous but intimate memoirs entitled "The Martyrdom of an Empress." The book is not a biography, but rather a series of impressions, and a record of confidences. It helps us to understand the element of tragedy, which ran through the life as well as marked the death of one of the most unconventional, romantic, and independent of women. What we least like are the sneers at other people, and the "fierce light" which is thrown on the relations of the imperial pair. We get, on the other hand, attractive pictures of the Empress in retirement at Corfu, and at the Schloss Lainz, which her wealth and taste enabled her to turn into unique pleasure houses in which she could indulge her artistic predilections and love of solitude, without the irksome restraints of the stately court of Vienna. The peasants of Brittany, who did not know the rank of the distinguished-looking lady who used to love to wander along their rocky surf-beaten shores, were so impressed by her generosity that they called their mysterious benefactress the Queen of Mercy. Sorrow and want always stirred the heart as well as prompted the hand of a woman who had had her full share of disillusionment and grief. There are some touching stories to this effect in the book, but we have space to cite only a single instance:—"While I was in Vienna it was learned one morning that one of the Empress's maids had died during the night, and very severe comments were made about the fact that the Empress had been seen riding in the Prater on the very same afternoon. It was not told, however, that the Kaiserin had spent the whole of the previous night, as well as several others which had preceded it, at the dying woman's bedside, nursing her with her own hands up to the moment when she breathed her last, and that it was only when death had stilled her sufferings that the Empress, who was in sore need of some fresh air and of some change of scene, had gone in search of both in the less frequented parts of the Prater." If this book proves anything, it proves at least that the Empress was one of the most magnetic and bewitching of women, and drew forth a homage which almost amounted to idolatry from those who were in attendance upon her.

Since Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote the "History of Our Own Times," and did so excellently well, it seems to us rather a pity that someone else was not chosen to write about "Modern England under Queen Victoria" in the "Story of the Nations" Series, for, after all, it is well to look at the vast array of men and movements which make up the reign from a fresh point of view. Mr. McCarthy has not exactly done this, but he has given us so many new lights on prominent personages of the reign that his book has a value quite distinct from that of his larger work. It is biography and reminiscence rather than solid history; and as regards this latter side of it, perhaps the scope of the work is best expressed in Mr. McCarthy's own words: "We have shown how reform succeeded reform,

* OUR LADY OF THE GREEN. A Book of Ladies' Golf. With Chapters by Issette Pearson, A. Bennet Pascoe, and others. Edited by Louie Mackearn and M. Boys. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS. Portrait. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.

MODERN ENGLAND. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Illustrated. (The Story of the Nations.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

SPAIN. By Leonard Williams, Author of "Ballads and Songs of Spain." (The Children's Study.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING. By G. Firth Scott. Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

how time-dishonoured anomalies and iniquities of legislation have been abolished, how the laws that made men poor and kept them poor, that made freedom to enjoy life only the monopoly of a class, and left the poorer citizen to be a mere toiler in suffering and the dark, have been gradually changed and obliterated by a legislation of freedom—a legislation which cannot, indeed, bring about absolute social equality, and strives after no such idle and futile object; but a legislation which aims at setting everyone free to make the very best of his own conditions of life, to develop his intelligence, and to add by honest endeavour to his own daily comfort and happiness. . . . It is the story of a struggle towards the light, a struggle impeded by many disasters, and with much sad confusion and temporary reaction now and then, but still a struggle towards the light." Mr. McCarthy is, in short, an uncompromising optimist, and has no need—in spite of ominous signs of the times which distress other people—to whistle to keep his courage up. Portraits of a choice selection of celebrities of the reign heighten the pictorial claims of the text.

We quite agree with Mr. Leonard Williams that it is not easy to make the "History of Spain"—a tangled and intricate subject embroidered almost beyond recognition by romantic traditions inspired by chivalry or born of superstition—to young people. He has had the courage to renounce the fables which have gathered about the Cid—a palpable and worthy concession to common sense. Fact, nevertheless, so far as the annals of Spain are concerned, is almost as startling and quite as dramatic as fiction; and, therefore, with the judgment and skill which Mr. Williams displays, a dull story is impossible. We are glad to find that in the final pages he does not proceed to kick a nation that is down, but attempts, rather, to show the true inwardness of her misfortunes: "Bad government has been and is at the root of Spain's misfortunes. Taxes are high; bread is dear; one-third of her population can neither read nor write. But under a suitable administration she is quite capable of becoming once again a great and flourishing power. She is frequently called a declining or decaying nation; it is more exact to consider her as a nation prostrated by continual misgovernment. The elements of wealth and prosperity are strong within her. The Spanish soil is exceedingly fertile, abounding in every kind of mineral, and grain, and marketable produce; and the majority of the Spanish people are manly, generous, and brave, and not lounging idlers as is sometimes said of them, but sober, independent, and hardworking, especially the agricultural population and the lower middle classes." We like the little book; it is written with knowledge and vision.

Much that is memorable and typical in "The Romance of Australian Exploring" has passed into the pages of Mr. Firth Scott's modest record of pioneer travel and wilderness peril in the "silent, sombre land" under the Southern Cross which, when George III. was king, the wisdom of our ancestors decreed should be a penal settlement. The discovery of gold changed all that, though it is only fair to add that before Australia became a veritable El Dorado its wealth of flocks and fertility of soil had made it delectable. These pages abound in thrilling stories of Oxley and Mitchell, Hume and Kennedy, Burke and Wills, and other explorers.

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